

Jacques Leclerc

The Sketch

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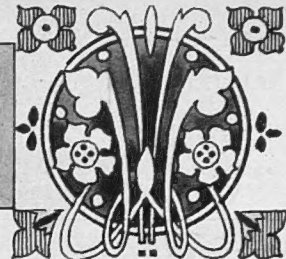
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THE SKETCH



No. 1462—Vol. CXIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



TO MARRY THE YOUNG OFFICER WHO EARNED £265,000 BY A WAR INVENTION: MISS GLADYS HIGH.

Miss Gladys High is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George High, of Chicago, and is engaged to Lieutenant-Commander Charles D. Burney, C.M.G., R.N. (retired), the inventor of the paravane, the anti-mine device which saved so many lives and so much

tonnage during the war. He is the only son of Admiral Sir Cecil Burney, C.G.M.G., K.C.B., was born in 1888, and, as was announced recently, earned £265,000 through certain patent rights of his wonderful invention.—[Portrait-Study by Bertram Park.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.. "

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

My Twelve Counties.

Reading "Highways and Byways in Northumbria," Mr. Anderson Graham's fascinating volume, with heaven knows how many delightful illustrations by Hugh Thomson, I suddenly began to reckon up the various counties with which I could claim more or less intimate connection. It is an interesting speculation, friend the reader. Try it for yourself some wet Sunday afternoon just before you drop off to sleep.

Mr. Anderson Graham has a good deal to say about Belford, but his remarks are not flattering. He describes it as "a quiet village with an old market cross. It is often mentioned as a stage in the journey between England and Scotland. Queen Margaret stopped there. There are no old houses, as it was very open to raids from the Borders, and even in the reign of Charles I. it is described as 'the most miserable, beggarly town that ever was made in an afternoon of loam and sticks. In all the town not a loaf of bread, nor a quart of beer, nor a lock of hay, nor a peck of oats, and little shelter for horse or man.' In living memory," he adds, "many Northumbrian houses were roofed with sods of turf, or divots, as they were called." (They are still called divots on the links, Sir. Members are requested to re-place them.) "A gruesome tale of the visitation of the plague in the eighteenth century is still remembered." So much for poor little Belford.

Hardy Ancestors. This sad tale merely increases my admiration for my paternal-paternal ancestors, who not only lived at Belford, but never chucked up the sponge under ninety. The plague evidently failed to do them in, and they must have contrived to live without bread, beer, hay, or oats. Even when they finally obeyed the law of Nature, the Belford churchyard never knew them. I have explored it, and none of my ancestors is buried there. They lie on Holy Island, soothed by the roar and thunder of the savage North Sea.

Well, there is one county for my list. In later years this hardy race migrated to Sutton, in Yorkshire, and amused and enriched themselves by sending whalers to the Arctic Ocean. (I believe they often accompanied the whalers, which sounds exciting, but chilly.) Anyway, that makes two counties. The remainder I will enumerate very briefly, the subject, after all, being grossly egotistical.

The third is Norfolk, whence came my paternal-maternal ancestors. My maternal ancestors on both sides hailed from Buckinghamshire. I was born in Hampshire, brought up in Shakespeare's country, educated in Berkshire and Oxfordshire, tried my hand at school-mastering in Lancashire, lived for twelve years in London (Middlesex),

bought a house in Surrey, and now dwell in Sussex. Twelve in all. So I don't much care which county wins the cricket championship.

Glory of the North.

People who live in the South of England are notoriously ignorant of the glories of the North. They think of Northumberland as a bleak, cheerless, half-savage county, mainly inhabited by sheep. They may deny this, but they do. Let me advise them, if they take any interest in the island for which so many thousands of young men recently gave their lives, to read "Highways and Byways in Northumbria."

It will astonish them. The history of Newcastle alone will make them rub their eyes, and Hugh Thomson's pictures will drive them in a body to the booking-office at King's Cross railway-station.

I like these huge, teeming cities of industry. I like Glasgow, and Newcastle, and Cardiff, and Liverpool. Manchester and Birmingham are less picturesque, perhaps, but the inhabitants have a character of their own, and they let you know it. As for the Castles of Northumbria, with their stories of Border fights—well, my historical sense is not so keen as yours, maybe, but I get a thrill whenever I think of those ancient fortresses and the loyal bowmen ready for the fray. And do you remember that Swinburne called Northumberland the "crowning county of England—yes, the best"?

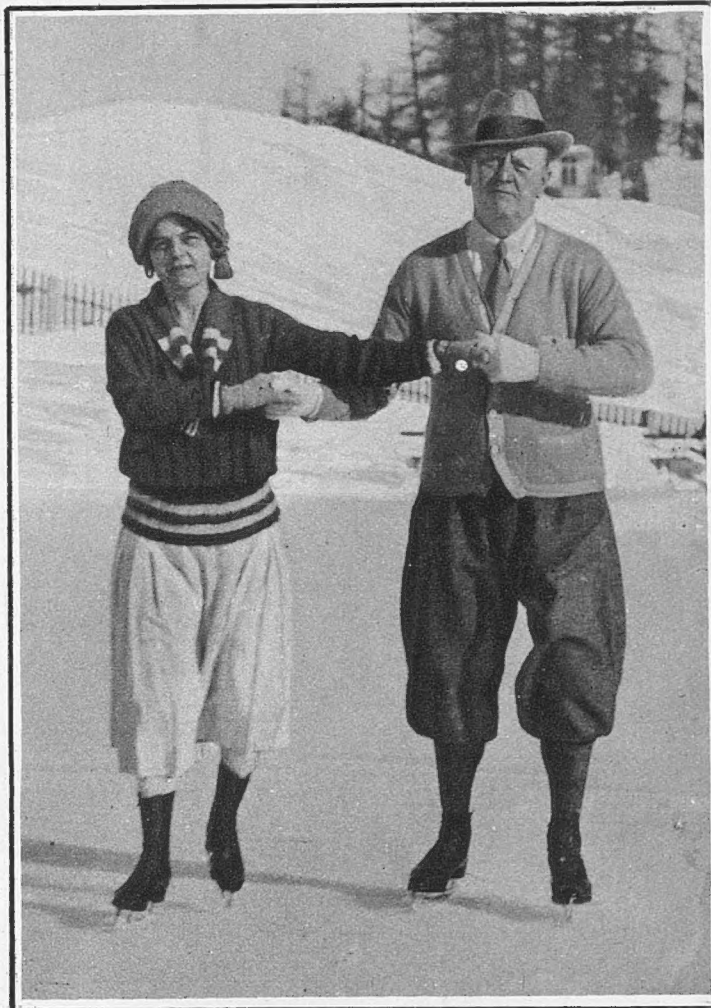
Comforts of Air Travel.

However, that is quite enough about the past for one week. I want to call your attention for a moment to the comforts of air travel—another subject on which you may be prejudiced.

The aeronautical correspondent of one of my evening papers declares that air travel is the most comfortable of all travel. "Modern machines," he says, "have the passenger cabins enclosed and artificially heated; there are none of the inconveniences of changing stations or moving from train to boat, none of the worry of lost baggage; no jolting over badly laid tracks, and no over-crowding."

I am sure there is no over-crowding, and, so far as I am concerned, there never will be. A good train and a good boat (or a really first-class tunnel) are good enough for me. Of course, if a fortune depended on a journey by air, I should be tempted; but, as things are at present, the starting and landing grounds used by these flying gentlemen are almost as inconvenient as a hundred yards of platform and a gangway. You may not lose your baggage when you travel by air, but how much can you take? And does one, after all, lose one's baggage under the present system of travel? I don't.

Let us be fair to railways and boats. On the whole, they have been pretty good to us.



ON THE RINK AT ST. MORITZ: MR. AND MRS. HARRY GREER.

Mr. Harry Greer is the Coalition Unionist Member for the Wells Division of Somerset. He has recently been at St. Moritz with Mrs. Harry Greer.

Photograph by Hunters.

St. Moritz "Snaps": Some Bobbing and Skating Experts.



BOBBING AT ST. MORITZ: MR. KOLLER (STEERER), MR. COWPER, MISS FISCHÉ, AND MR. PYPERS.



WINNERS OF THE ENGLISH BOBSLEIGH RACE: MRS. WYNNE, MR. OLAVEGCYA, MRS. MARSHALL, MR. FERRALDS, AND MR. CHISWELL.



A FAMOUS COMEDIAN ON HOLIDAY: MR. ALFRED LESTER AND MISS MORGAN.



A GRACEFUL TRIO: MR. MANN, MRS. MURRAY MORRISON, AND MR. MURRAY MORRISON.



WINNER OF A WALTZING COMPETITION ON ICE: SIR PHILIP SASSOON.



WITH COLONEL KENTISH, ARMY SPORTS ORGANISER: BARONESS VON STOCKAU AND MISS M. KENTISH.



A GROUP AT ST. MORITZ: MISS ASTOR (CENTRE), WITH MR. VAN SWINDERN ON HER RIGHT AND CAPTAIN COATS ON HER LEFT.

Bobbing is one of the most popular sports at St. Moritz. Our photographs show the winners of the English bobsleigh race there and another crew. Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt., C.M.G., the Member for Hythe, is, of course, a distinguished figure in political circles. He won the waltzing

competition on the ice at St. Moritz, partnered by Mrs. Johnson. Miss Astor, who is shown in one of our groups, is the daughter of Lady Ribblesdale, who before her marriage to Lord Ribblesdale was Mrs. John Jacob Astor.—[Photographs by Farrington Photo. Press.]



More About Mariegold



THE Duchess of Portland looks back with pleasure at her Ivory Cross dancers' matinée.

Mariegold found her smiling over results—smiling that pretty smile of hers which puts dentists out of court.

"Her notion, of course, is a national one. If we get interested—put our back teeth into it, as somebody says—we may, as a people, become as well equipped as the Americans. But dentistry, wholesale, rather gives me the shivers!"

"Yes, my girl," said her brother, "that's a fact. You got dentistry wholesale in the Army during the war, and you got it good and strong."

Then they recalled Maurice Baring's adventure in France—an engagement, not with the enemy, but with a man who before the war had the reputation of being one of the most exquisite of artists in ivory and gold—a veritable Benvenuto Cellini of the craft. He did his bit by putting his skill at the service of the Army, says Maurice Baring.

"In peace time a good dentist is careful not to hurt you as little as possible. In stopping, he makes the holes gradually with drills that grow finer by degrees and beautifully less, and his conduct of the steel spike is nice. He says, 'A little tender there?' or 'Hold up your hand directly I hurt you.' In war time, how different! Seizing your head, he inserts a broad drill into your tooth and goes on boring with all his force until the hole is made, no matter how much you struggle or scream or kick. I did all three, but it was no good. Holding my head in a vice, he dug the drill deeper and deeper, until he was finished. Of course, instead of taking half-an-hour it took three minutes, and that, when it is over, is an advantage."

"And now," said Mariegold, "he has returned to his private practice, and his solicitude, and his 'a little tender there?' touch, and his stained-glass-window expression. A perfect gentleman in Harley Street; a fiend in a public department. But for all that, we, as a nation, need rigorous handling."

And then Mariegold's brother began to tell us of his own *affaires des dents*, with lurid details.

"Enoughski saidkow!" broke in Mariegold. "I want to tell you about—well, about anything that isn't THAT!"

It amuses her to see the photographs of Lady Wentworth as Anti-Waste Leaguer. Lady Wentworth is perfectly sincere in disapproving waste, but the photographs happen to show her in one of those enormous head-dresses of hers, one of those towering turbans in which her husband, Neville Lytton, used to paint her.

"The one in the photograph would make three frocks," says Mariegold. "It will make people smile, and think she is not genuine. But one can be perfectly genuine, can't one? and yet a little inconsistent. Really economical in things that matter, and a little wild in things that don't."

"The economist I really hate is one who thinks only of saving his own pocket, like the man who locks up the poker at home in case the maid pokes the fire and wastes coal, and who then goes to the club and gets a blaze going in every room. I really did know a

man who locked up the poker—a well-dressed man, who sometimes lunches at the Ritz. His wife told me about it."

Lady Wentworth's towering turban, Mariegold says, is Byronic on her mother's side and Arabian on her father's—the spirit of the turban descends on her on both sides, though it suits her so splendidly that you would think she had invented it.

"It is a fashion that has caught on among women at odd times, without Lady Wentworth minding whether it did or it didn't! Turbans, in fact, have been rather done to death as a kind of semi-fancy dress, designed for a ball, which one puts on the day after in one's own house, and then ventures to take with one into the country, and afterwards grows ashamed of. But with Lady Wentworth it's a much more matter-of-fact affair; and her father, Wilfrid Blunt, has just decided to wear nothing but Eastern dress any more."

"But that needn't bother Captain Coldwaltham," she went on, "because Wilfrid Blunt does not invade Mayfair in his Arab robes. It is because he has relinquished London life almost entirely that he has banished his ordinary wardrobe—cleared it all out, never to see it again! It's burning your boats, isn't it, to banish all your bowlers and all your black coats? But the result is a splendid figure of an old man at Newbuildings, his place in Sussex—a splendid figure that makes it quite easy to understand why Mrs. Asquith names him with Lord D'Abernon and Lord Ribblesdale as one of the three handsomest men she ever knew."

At the Ritz the other day Lord and Lady Huntingfield were entertaining Viscountess Gormanston, lately over from Ireland, and her sister, Mrs. Kingscote, both in holiday spirits, for they were on their way to Bordighera. And Bordighera after Ireland!

Lady Gormanston, who stayed in Albemarle Street with her mother, Lady Butler, during a brief on-the-way-through visit, spent only a few days over her Riviera shopping, and crowded in a flying visit to her convent at Farnborough—the convent where both she and Mariegold spent some years of their girlhood.

"To take advice from the Reverend Mother on jumpers," I put in.

"You are irrelevant!" said Mariegold. "But that reminds me of another Irish girl who came over for the shopping rush the other day, and said special prayers every morning to St. Francis de Sales."

"As a matter of fact, unless you spend your pin-money," says Mariegold, "in a spirit of patriotism, it is better to keep some of it for spending abroad. Of course, you get all your essential luxuries here; but that little extra odd-man run-about hat, which so often saves the situation, is the sort of thing you may very well drop upon in one of those small, ruinously choice-looking

2. . . . He proves to be such an incompetent ski-runner that he is glad to receive helpful hints even from Aunt Babsie.

millinery windows that you find next door to the éclair shop, or the violet and carnation shop, in places like Bordighera. And what, I ask you, is a hundred francs at the present rate of exchange?"



1. Angela is spending a happy holiday in Switzerland. So far, she has given Algy no cause whatever for jealousy, for when she meets a man who looks really decorative in fancy dress. . . .



2. . . . He proves to be such an incompetent ski-runner that he is glad to receive helpful hints even from Aunt Babsie.

Mariegold found Lady Butler, who goes to Italy with her two daughters, still under the influence of Irish unrest.

"One feels like dodging groups of men at the street-corners even in London," she told her, laughing at the absurdity of it, "as if groups of men necessarily meant revolvers. How glad I am of change!"

And then she told Mariegold of a new picture, and of her longing for the Mediterranean, which is so blue that one wants to dip a brush in it and paint with it.

"The Roll Call"—that sounds a long time ago, doesn't it?" added Mariegold. "But Lady Butler was only a girl when she painted it. Besides, it is so famous that it sounds almost like something in history—like the Battle of Waterloo, or Queen Victoria's Coronation—and people are apt to date it further back than they should, as an old lady of about eighty summers did when she hobbled up to Lady Butler with 'Oh, my dear Lady Butler, I am so delighted to meet you. I remember being taken to see your 'Roll Call' when I was a brat!'"

How young a thing like that makes one feel!

Staying in Ireland through the time of stress meant arrest for Lord Dunsany.

"I associate him with firearms somewhat, but more with tea-cakes," said Mariegold, recalling the time when she visited him and Lady Dunsany at Dunsany. "He did, I remember, talk of big-game shooting as if he had the habit, but he talked of it with jam-sandwiches on one side of him and scones on the other. He talked of lions, but bagged crumpets! Those Dunsany teas impressed me."

The Duchess of Marlborough's building enterprise at Monte Carlo is not, Mariegold believes, her only one. Long ago she talked of building in France. If she does not build, she will buy. But it seems certain that she will have a more or less permanent establishment in that country.

From Monte Carlo comes news of Melba. And as we sat at tea in St. James's Street, and wished we were there to hear her, a friend told us of her silence, as far as singing goes, when she goes visiting. He is an Irish Peer whose lady had, in consideration for his passion for singing, persuaded Melba to spend a week with them. I dare not name him because his account of the visit might, in polite circles, be thought rude, though it isn't. And, besides, he may not actually



3. And the people who can do magnificent things like this upon skis. . . .

have said to Melba the thing he claims to have said. You know how in course of time things one might have said are apt to become things one *did* say.

Well, Melba's visit drew to a close, and not even regular doses of *pêches Melba* had warmed her to sing. She talked, and was charming,

but that was all. On the last day her host said to her: "Madame, I have been told that people sing in their baths, even when they will sing nowhere else. This morning I listened outside the door, but all I heard was the thud when you slipped on the soap."

"And, talking of slightly outrageous sayings," Mariegold cut in, "I heard the other day of another of Lutyens' efforts in that sort."



4. . . . Apparently always appear thus at fancy balls.

He was being conducted over a show house—the most perfect house in England, some say. It belongs to a man who has done everything properly. Even the thongs that run through holes in the oak doors to lift the latch on the other side are mediæval. In one of the vaulted rooms the owner explained that the ceiling should be painted.

"Then why not paint it?" said Lutyens.

"Well, to tell the truth, I have been frightened to touch it—frightened!" said the owner impressively.

"Frightened, dear Sir!" said Lutyens. "Why, if you're frightened, tie a long stick on to a brush and lie in bed and do it."

But then Lutyens is always upsetting the apple-carts of the extreme purists.

From Madrid comes news of the Hon. Mervyn Herbert's engagement to Miss Elizabeth Willard.

"It is all in order—exactly as it should be," said Mariegold. "He is Secretary at the English Embassy; she is a daughter of the American Ambassador. Mervyn Herbert is First Secretary, and still young; and the Willards we know in London as very charming Americans. It will be pleasant to have more of them."

Seamore Place will be interested, because Mervyn Herbert is Lord Carnarvon's half-brother.

The Duke and Duchess of Wellington sometimes get chaffed about the fortifications they live behind at Hyde Park Corner. They but seldom entertain there on a big scale, and the railings are forbidding.

"But sometimes one leaps the barriers," said Mariegold. "Last Friday we all got in for the Duchess's At Home—tickets one to three guineas—for her shell-shocked and wounded men's fund, which has very good cause to thank her, I believe. We got into the Wellington Gallery, that is to say—which is what our tickets entitled us to—and one didn't dare more than that. But, all the same, I still hanker after a dance there—and the run of the house! Lady Douro attended on Friday, and Lady Glenanar—or at least I was told so. The crowd was good enough to keep one guessing!"

On Business and Pleasure Bent: Some Celebrities.



PLAYING AT NICE: MRS. SATTER-
THWAITE.



A NOVELIST AT ST. MORITZ:
MR. ROBERT HICHENS.



ON THE COURTS AT NICE:
LORD CHARLES HOPE.



A FILM STAR AT ST. MORITZ:
MISS QUEENIE THOMAS.



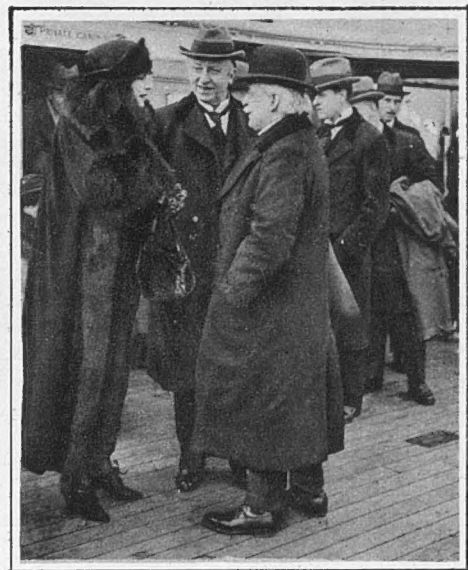
THE WIFE OF THE NEW COLONIAL SECRETARY:
MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT NICE.



SEEN OFF BY MRS. ASQUITH: PRINCE AND PRINCESS
ANTOINE BIBESCO EMBARK FOR WASHINGTON.



ON THE RINK AT ST. MORITZ: LADY
HAY, WIFE OF SIR DUNCAN HAY.



OFF TO PARIS: THE PRIME MINISTER AND
LORD CURZON SAY GOOD-BYE TO LADY CURZON.

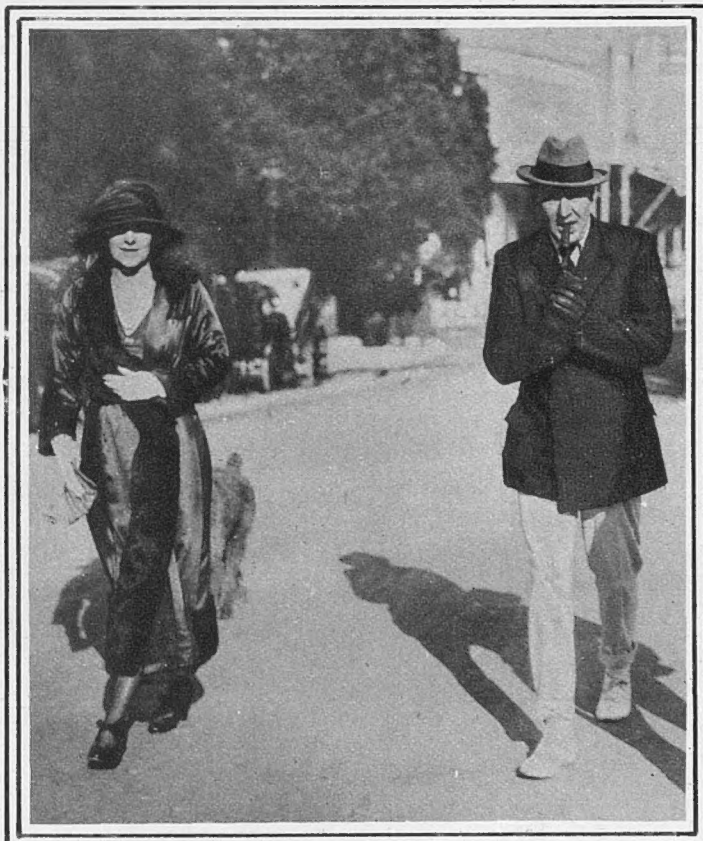
This page gives a kaleidoscopic view of what some of the well-known people in the social, political, sporting, literary, and "movie" arena have been doing of late. Well-known lawn-tennis players are on the courts of the South of France; distinguished folk of every type are

in Switzerland for the winter sports. Prince and Princess Antoine Bibesco have just gone off to Washington to take up the Prince's appointment as first Roumanian Minister. The Conference in Paris was an historic meeting of the great statesmen of the Allied countries.

Social Celebrities in the Sun at Monte Carlo.



TAKING A STROLL: LADY JOAN CAPELL (SECOND FROM LEFT), ADELE-COUNTESS OF ESSEX, AND MRS. SPRECKELS.



A NEWLY MARRIED PAIR: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.



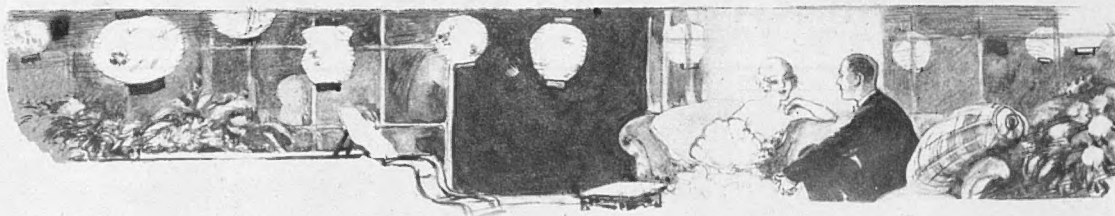
WITH MISS JOSHUA AND MISS CRANSTON: MISS EDWINA ASHLEY.

Our "snaps," taken at Monte Carlo, show some recent visitors. Adele Countess of Essex is the widow of the seventh Earl of Essex, and is in the South of France with her daughter, Lady Joan Capell. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, whose marriage took place recently in

London, were snapped by our photographer at Monte Carlo. It will be remembered that the Duchess is the youngest daughter of Sir William Nelson. Miss Edwina Ashley, who is one of the most attractive girls in Society, is the granddaughter of Sir Ernest Cassel, P.C., etc.

Photographs by Navello.

Small Talk



THE other day, Miss Helena Normanton "thrilled," one might almost say scandalised, the legal world by doing things in her examination which, it seems, no mere man even thought of attempting. Last week she was kind enough to provide another sensation, and, really, newspaper readers do owe her a debt of gratitude for providing "copy" at a time when ordinary news was limited to the Paris Council, Mr. Churchill's return, and other somewhat "stodgy" items. Miss Normanton thinks that "few women dare to be themselves." More than that, she avers that "there is a sort of woman I like best—the woman who likes all that is bad in life."

Do They Not? As to the first point, one wonders. If "daring to be oneself" means doing what one pleases, most men will agree that woman does it all the time; and it is at least a debatable point whether a fondness for "all that is bad in life" will help women towards the achievement of that "range and massiveness" that Miss Normanton would so like to see them getting hold of. I confess I'm old-fashioned enough to hope that women won't immediately begin to throw aside morality and custom in an attempt to attain a state conducive to "massive achievements"—which have a dull sound, anyhow. Not that I would deny them such, bless their hearts; only one hopes there is some other alternative to the way suggested by the brilliant law student, whose modesty concerning her recent success is only equalled by her temerity in giving public expression to original and

somewhat revolutionary ideas.

Once Again.

The "Gunner Ball" is to be revived at Woolwich, and February 8 is the date fixed for the great event. Before the war the ball was an annual affair, and generally accounted the most brilliant social function in the military world. Since the war there has been no "Gunner Ball" in the Mess of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich—remember, this is no affair of cadets, but of *pukka* officers—so that the revival is something in the nature of a great event. In the old days it was quite an impressive sight to see the number of senior officers who turned up for the function. Promotion was slow in those pre-war times, and seniority and grey hairs generally went together. But this year we shall see dashing Generals of something under forty fox-trotting to the famous Artillery



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT C. A. KERSHAW, R.N.: MISS ISABEL PARSONS.

Miss Isabel Parsons is the younger daughter of Major-General Sir Charles Parsons, K.C.M.G., C.B., and Lady Parsons. Her engagement to Lieutenant Cecil Ashworth Kershaw, Royal Navy, only son of Sir Louis Kershaw, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., and Lady Kershaw, has been announced.

Photograph by Bassano.

Band. The event is sure to have sad associations for many of the hosts, but it is one more reminder that we are gradually getting back to old times.

Not Yet.

It has not yet been reported by any of the Society paragraphists that a Duchess has been seen buying her own fish in Bond Street. One rather wonders at the omission, not of the diligent chronicler of Society's doings, but on the part of the Duchess. Perhaps all right-minded Duchesses are in the South of France or some such delectable spot just now, so there is still hope that we may yet see an aristocratic queue waiting to go into Lord Leverhulme's Bond Street fish-shop, where the slithery inmates are accommodated in most luxurious, not to say ducal, surroundings. For dukes and marble halls invariably go together, and the fish palace mentioned has the whitest of marble walls, with the bluest of *vierge* blue decoration. Nor are the inmates thrown carelessly on marble slabs, with a block of ice to supply the necessary low temperature.



ENGAGED TO MR. H. CHENEVIX TRENCH: MISS HAGGARD.

Miss Ella Margaret Mary ("Margery") Haggard is the elder daughter of Sir William and Lady Haggard, of Hartlip House, Sittingbourne. Her engagement to Mr. H. Chenevix Trench, son of the late Rev. H. F. Chenevix Trench, has been announced.

Photograph by Bassano.

hopes for the coming "season."

They Say.

It is reported that Princess Antoine Bibesco, who sailed for America, where her husband has been given a diplomatic appointment at Washington, has developed a dislike of "publicity." She who would "talk" most satisfactorily during the war in connection with her various philanthropic enterprises, and discuss the difficulties of learning typewriting for "the good of the cause," is now described as one of the most elusive—from the interviewer's standpoint—of beings. This won't suit the Americans, who will surely be expecting something really worth writing up from "Margot's" own daughter. But perhaps the voyage will help to thaw the Princess's "shyness" of the Press. After all, many good turns deserve at least one in return. The Princess is sure to be a success in Washington society, for she certainly is a brilliant and witty conversationalist, and even in the home of smart, talkative women, will be something out of the ordinary.

All in a Row. They are sorted according to species and placed on trays, each of which rests on pipes connected with a special freezing apparatus guaranteed to keep them at a uniform temperature. As for the blue-and-white cartons in which your purchase goes home, not even the most undemocratic Duchess need fear betrayal at its hands—or should one say sides? Its decorous *chic* suggests anything but matter so prosaic as food. It is said that an enterprising photographer pays frequent visits to the neighbourhood, but so far his "catch" has been barren of ducal dignitaries. Patience, however, can work marvels, and the enterprising artist has great



MARRIED TO CAPTAIN ADRIAN BETHELL ON SATURDAY: MISS CICELY VIOLET COTTERELL.

The marriage of Captain Adrian Bethell, 2nd Life Guards, only son of Mr. John Bethell, of Rise Park, Hull, and Walton Abbey, Yorkshire, to Miss Cicely Cotterell, second daughter of Sir John and Lady Evelyn Cotterell, took place on Saturday, the 29th, at the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Mostly Golf—Some Pictures from Monte.



1. WITH VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE: SIR IAN MALCOLM (LEFT).
2. PLAYING A DIFFICULT SHOT: MRS. MCINTYRE, THE WELL-KNOWN IRISH GOLFER, ON THE MONT AGEL COURSE.
3. DRIVING: MRS. MUNROE ON THE MONT AGEL COURSE.

The charm of the Mont Agel golf course is considerable. It is situated on the mountains above Monte Carlo, and reached by a curving, twisting road, which winds uphill all the way. The air is magnificent, the course sporting, and the view of the country round, quite beau-

4. SIR ERNEST CASSEL'S GRANDDAUGHTER: MISS EDWINA ASHLEY.
5. THE SCOTTISH LADY CHAMPION: MRS. J. B. WATSON.
6. ON THE TERRACE AT MONTE: MR. AND MRS. HARRY PEARD.
7. WITH GENERAL BEWIN: MRS. DRAPER ELLIOT AND MRS. GRAHAM DOONER.

tiful; no wonder that it is well patronised by visitors, some of whom are shown on our page. We also give some snaps of a more leisured form of Riviera distraction—a stroll on the famous Terrace at Monte Carlo, where one can bask pleasantly in the sun.—[Photographs by *Alferi*.]

Pictures from Mürren: An Interesting Quartet.



CLEARING THE RINK OF SNOW: MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD AND MISS I. BAXTER.



OUT FOR A RUN ON SKIS: LADY SOMERLEYTON, WIFE OF A LORD-IN-WAITING.



THE ELDER SON OF THE EARL OF LYTTON: VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH.



PUSHING A LOAD OF SNOW OFF THE RINK: MISS JOY RUMFORD, DAUGHTER OF DAME CLARA BUTT.

Dame Clara Butt, D.B.E., the famous singer, and her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, have been at Mürren recently, with their daughter, Joy. A fresh fall of snow had just made the resumption of sport possible when our photographs were taken, and the rink had to be

cleared for skating. Lady Somerleyton, C.B.E., wife of the first Baron, who is a Lord-in-Waiting to the King, and Viscount Knebworth, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Lytton, have also been visiting Mürren.—[Photographs by C.N.]

Chamonix, Davos, and Mürren: Some Happy "Snaps."



THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS JOCKEY: MRS. J. M. MARTIN AT DAVOS.



THE FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD BELGIAN CHAMPION: Mlle. OLGA SCHIFFELERS AT CHAMONIX



SMILING AFTER HER SPILL: LADY FAUSSETT, WIFE OF CAPTAIN SIR GODFREY FAUSSETT, K.C.V.O., C.M.G.



FIGURE-SKATING AT CHAMONIX: MISS LANG, WHO HOLDS THE FRENCH SKI CHAMPIONSHIP.

This page shows photographs from Mürren, Davos, and Chamonix. Lady Faussett, who was snapped at the first of these resorts, is the wife of Captain Sir Godfrey Faussett, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., R.N., Equerry-in-Ordinary to the King, and is the daughter of the late

Mr. William Humble Dudley Ward.—Mlle. Olga Schiffelers is the fifteen-year-old Belgian skating champion, and is practising for the Olympic Games.—Miss Lang, who holds the French ski championship, is also a good skater.—[Photographs by Alfieri, L.N.A., and C.N.]



ONE gets an exquisitely pre-war sensation from the reappearance of "Milestones" on the boardings. You find yourself beginning to wonder, as you pass it, whether Mr. Granville Barker's "Midsummer Night's Dream" can possibly manage to succeed at the Savoy, and whether Mr. Bernard Shaw is ever again going to write a play longer than "Great Catherine."

A funny feeling. But not half so funny as the one you get when you sit in your seat at the Royalty and see it all over again. The first discovery that you make is that you remember it all from the last time—and that was (let me see) not so very far away from ten years ago now, was it? That effect is probably due to the fact that we all bought the play and read it within a month of seeing it on the stage.

Printing a play robs the memory of it of half that mystery which makes it a vague and cherished recollection. Mr. Arnold Bennett has no respect for mysteries of that order. But Sir James Barrie—who is such a consummate master of the art of publicity by

reticence) held out for a very long time against the publication of his dramatic works, and succeeded, in consequence, in making us all say how subtle, how unquotable, how unforgettable it all was.

But when the curtain goes up on "Milestones," you find yourself once more in the Rheads' familiar drawing-room, with the chairs just where you left them before the war, and the smart, invariably successful points of the dialogue protruding in exactly the same places. Perhaps they laugh a little more at the N.C.O. who drew his company officer's sketch-maps. But if they do, that is pretty well the only change.

1860. 1885. 1912. What strides they seemed eight years ago. But try over these others. 1912. 1914. 1921. And then try to say which mark the broader changes. 1912, with a world asleep that took the feverish movement of a few women

of the gulf, with dwindling money and a world too changed to shake hands with its pre-war self.

But one is not trying to sketch the scenario of a new play (although Mr. Arnold Bennett is the only man who could write it—and, oh, if he would!). A more present and a far easier business is to appraise that old play which obstinately declines (unlike John Rhead) to grow old. There is the same appeal about it that ever there was—the "hot-water apparatus" is as delightful in 1860, and the young lady who can't bear William Black is as charming in 1885, and the lowered lights of 1912 are as necessary for the eyes of the audience as ever they were.

Mr. Dennis Eadie manages consummately never to be mechanical, and Miss Haidée Wright is as startling a revelation of brilliant emotional acting as she was on that now-necessarily-even-in-the-presence-of-ladies-admitted-to-be-distant first night. There are few things finer (even in the repertory of Miss Irene Vanbrugh) than Gertrude Rhead, the queer, jumpy girl of her engagement and the odd, sweet, kind, bitter aunt of her long maidenhood.

Miss Adah Barton was requisitely womanly as the Strong Man's Wife, and Miss Violet Graham managed exceedingly well the double problem of Emily Rhead. One sympathised so strongly with that large young lady when she was driven to tears in 1885, that one wanted to advise her to push all her silly little parents over and walk out into Kensington Gore through a hole in the side of the house. And she conveyed with equal skill the empty life and the stateliness of Lady Monkhurst.

Mr. Maurice Colbourne and Miss Mira Kenham set one remembering (a shade regretfully, be it admitted) Mr. Owen Nares and Miss Gladys Cooper. Muriel Pym, the stern, slightly Suff. young lady of 1912, had not quite the 1921 degree of jazz impertinence with which Miss Kenham credited her. If she had, her mother would have been far happier with that young lady safely in Winnipeg, and would have said so.

But what one loved most was the perfect continuity of the whole piece with civilisation and 1912. Mr. Eadie, Miss Wright, and Mr. Harben helped one another to create the pleasant illusion that nothing much had happened in the world since the Coronation—and we all loved it.



VERY LIKE HER DAUGHTER: LADY FORBES-ROBERTSON (MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT), WHO IS APPEARING AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Miss Gertrude Elliott, or, rather, Lady Forbes-Robertson, produced "Lonely Lady —," in which she plays the lead, at the Duke of York's on Jan. 24, where it is to run for two weeks. She plays the ingenuous wife with great freshness and charm, and it is difficult to believe that she possesses a grown-up daughter, who, as our facing page shows, closely resembles her beautiful mother.

Photograph by Claude Harris.



THE INVENTOR OF THE PARAVANE AND HIS FIANCÉE: LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER CHARLES DENISTON BURNEY, C.M.G., AND MISS GLADYS HIGH.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles Deniston Burney, C.M.G., who invented the paravane, the anti-mine device which, affixed to either side of a ship, prevented the loss of thousands of lives during the war, is the only son of Admiral Sir Cecil Burney, Bt., G.C.M.G., K.C.B. His invention brought him £265,000 through patent rights. He is engaged to Miss Gladys High, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Henry High, of Lake Chore Drive, Chicago. Our photograph of the happy pair was taken at Admiral Sir Cecil Burney's country place, Preston House, Basingstoke.

Photograph by Farrington Photo Co.

and a few strikers for a headlong march of progress. 1914, when a country slid cheerfully into war under the impression that it was a fashionable autumn pursuit. And 1921—on the other side

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Returning to the Duke of York's this Month.



PLAYING THE LEAD IN "MISS NELLY OF N'ORLEANS": MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh's return to London delights us all. She is playing the lead in the productions arranged by Mr. Dion Boucicault (who is allowed by his doctors to manage, though he may not act again yet) and Mr. Alban B. Limpus, who will be installed at the

Duke of York's when Miss Gertrude Elliott's short season ends. The first play to be presented is a comedy, "Miss Nelly of N'Orleans," by Laurence Eyre, in which Mrs. Fiske, the American actress, made a great success in New York some two years ago.

Portrait Study by Bertram Park.



THE VEIL OF ILLUSION.

By NOEL CLINTON CROFT.

AFTER Mrs. Ronnie Carew got her second divorce—and this time it was for cruelty and desertion—she went abroad, and from then on seemed gradually to drop out of things. I don't think she married again either, although Ronnie Carew himself followed the example of his predecessor and did so not long after the decree was made absolute. I have not the slightest doubt, though, that she could very easily have done so, even though the fact that she had already divorced two husbands, and each within a bare couple of years of the respective wedding days, might, perhaps, have prompted some slight misgivings in the mind of a prospective third. But Veronica Carew was a very lovely woman, and that is in itself a far rarer thing than a great many people would have us believe.

We live in a day when a reputation for beauty is an easy thing to gain, and when no débutante, no good-looking chorus girl, and no handsome Society woman who has once got her photograph into the Press ever fails to be paragraphed as "beautiful," the result being that the word, with others like it, has to a very great extent lost its meaning. But Veronica Carew was really lovely, and it was her looks alone which had, as a girl, brought her all those things which, as most people agree, alone make life worth the living. She was slender and dusky-haired, and had a scarlet, reckless mouth, and eyes at least two sizes larger than those of any other woman she knew. At twenty, thanks to all this, she had married Christopher Nevill, a man some fourteen years older than herself, and one of the best matches of the day. He was a treble millionaire, a well-known sportsman, and connected with half the oldest families in England, and their marriage had been one of the great romances of the season. He had first set eyes on her in a theatre, had followed her home, and next day had raked London to get an introduction. He had found it difficult to get, because Veronica had not been in his set at all. She had not, in fact, been in any set exactly, although it was not true, as one or two papers tried to hint, that she had been a poor governess or a shop-girl. She had merely been the third daughter of a hard-up and retired naval officer who lived in Bayswater, and she had a dress allowance of thirty pounds a year.

And within a couple of months from her visit to the theatre she had married Christopher Nevill.

Funnily enough, and contrary to the confirmed belief of the world in general, Chris Nevill had not been married for his money, but wholly and solely for love. Had he been penniless it would have made not the slightest difference to Veronica; she had adored him to an extent which Nevill himself was utterly incapable of realising, and which he never did even begin to realise. People in those days had come in shoals to congratulate her on her amazing luck—meaning, not unnaturally, her luck in marrying an enormous fortune with a fairly presentable husband attached to it; but to Veronica her luck had been simply that she was marrying the individual whom she considered was the most remarkable man ever born. There really was no earthly reason why she should have regarded Christopher Nevill as anything of the sort, but the fact remained that she did. Sometimes, when she remembered the delirious and impassioned happiness of those early days, she wished that they had been less radiant, less perfect, because it seemed to her that in that case they might have lasted longer. It is notoriously unsafe to be too happy: something, as is well known, is bound to happen. And in this case something happened pretty soon. In not quite a year Nevill had begun to tire of her.

When this had happened, first one person and then another had come to her with their innuendoes and hints; her own women friends had smiled and sympathised, and suggested that all men were the same . . . some had even hinted that it was really rather a joke, as long, of course, as there was no open scandal. Nevill, she learnt from their gossip, was known to spend five nights a week at present at the Principal Theatre . . . it was that new dancing girl . . . half London was mad about her . . . and they remarked to Veronica how like the latter was to the actress. It was funny how many men seemed to stick to one type in the women they admired.

She had never spoken to any of these people again, and then her oldest friend had come and told her she was making a fool of herself, that she should shut her eyes, for her own sake, to this kind of thing—it wouldn't last, and so on.

Veronica went through hell in those days, and it changed her, as any overwhelming experience must. Nevill was tremendously good to her still, in his generous, careless manner; she had nothing to

complain of except the fact that the loss of his love was killing her—that, and her jealousy of her rival. She saw remarkably little of him now, but at times he still went about with her, and was, if anything, too bland and amiable altogether. She would sooner he had cursed her or quarrelled with her. To try and talk to him was like being up against a stone wall. She was stifled in the fog of his utter indifference.

In the end she had told him she could not bear it any more, and, though obviously somewhat astonished, he had been very nice about this too. And so she had divorced him—not because she thought a divorce would bring her happiness, but because the agony of his continual presence was driving her mad. And perhaps for a time she had been happier. She had left town and hidden herself in the country where she knew no one, and without giving her address to anyone. Her own friends thought her a fool, as she knew, and were all on Nevill's side. And then, when over a year had passed, she had, in a kind of panic, married again.

This time she had married Ronnie Carew, a rich stockbroker with quite a nice position, though he was not in any way of the world of which Nevill was. She had married him for some of the reasons for which her friends had imagined she had married Nevill—that is to say, for any reason at all except affection, and chiefly because it seemed to her that the only way to make life endurable again was to make utterly new ties and interests.

Her second husband was with her now as they sat in a first-floor box overlooking the dancing hall of the Albert Hall. It was the occasion of one of those immense fancy-dress balls periodically held there, and both stage and Society stars had met to help in its organisation. Carew was a very different type of man from Nevill; he was older, less buoyant, and more reliable, and he had none of the latter's easy, careless charm. But he loved Veronica and believed she cared for him. It was an illusion of his which she had no intention of dispelling. Altogether, he was presentable enough: a man slightly above medium height, and of powerful build, with a clean-shaven, expressive mouth, and rather hard, observant, lightish-hued eyes—a fairly common specimen of the successful business man. Their presence that night had been in gratification of a sudden whim of Veronica's, who had, up to the last moment, declared that she would not go. Then, during dinner, at which the only guest had been a fat and foolish-looking youth named Bobby Fyscher, she had declared that she would, and had insisted on the two men accompanying her. So they had come in ordinary evening dress and watched the dancers below from the shelter of their box. To dance, except in fancy dress, was forbidden by rule.

Bobby was rather a pal of Veronica's for a reason of which her husband knew nothing. He was a very distant connection of Christopher Nevill's, and sometimes he would speak of him. . . .

Now he leant over the box, watching the crowd of gay creatures in dashing costumes that revolved below.

"Oh, let's have a dance," he urged suddenly.

Carew kicked away the refreshment basket at his feet and got up.

"I'm sick of sitting here, too," he remarked. "I'll go down and hire some dominoes, if they're to be had."

He glanced at Veronica, but she shrugged one shoulder in a chilling gesture. "I'd hate to dance. Don't get one for me."

After his exit, Bobby turned to his hostess. "I say, that reminds me—who do you suppose I met in the cloak-room when I was coming in? Old Christopher—as large as life, and all got up in scarlet!"

There was no reason, as far as Bobby knew, why he should not speak to his hostess of her first husband; he had no ulterior motive whatever in so doing. Divorce in his set was almost as common as marriage, and seldom left much ill-feeling.

"I told him I was with you," he continued conversationally, "and he asked the number of the box. He's with the Selenger lot."

Veronica's heart was hammering. She was trying to think. She had written to Nevill a month ago—written in a fit of despair and utter recklessness a most insane letter—a letter imploring him to see her—saying that she could not live without him—and she had had no answer. Then she had heard he had, at the time, been in New York. He must by now have had the letter, whether it had been forwarded or not.

"Down there in scarlet?"—her eyes raked the conglomerate mass of colour below in a vain effort to distinguish the man of whom she was thinking. And he had asked Bobby the number of their box—why had he done that?

[Continued on page x.]



AT A BALL AT ST. MORITZ.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. VALLÉE.



MISS JOAN
McKECHNIE.



MISS RUBY BELL.



THE INSTRUCTOR: MME. BOURGUET.



MISS DIANA SLOANE-STANLEY.



MISS AVERIL INGLIS.

SOLVING THE SERVANT QUESTION FOR THE NEXT GENERATION: ENGLISH GIRLS

English girls are now being educated at the Lycée Victor Duruy, where their studies range from Greek drama to cookery. Our pages illustrate the latter class, which has been organised entirely for the benefit of English girls, as the French pupils all know how to cook! The sketches of pupils' heads correspond with the full-figure back-views in the main

DRAWN BY J.-SIMONT, SPECIAL.



MISS KATHARINE TENNANT.

MISS MARIGOLD LUBBOCK.

LADY MARY THYNNE.

LADY MARGARET PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE.

MISS KATHARINE TENNANT.

drawing and are shown in their proper order. The pupils include Lady Mary Thynne, the Marquess of Bath's youngest daughter; the Earl of Radnor's fourth daughter, Lady Margaret Pleydell-Bouverie; and Mrs. Asquith's half-sister, Miss Katharine Tennant. An article on the subject appears in the *Illustrated London News* of Jan. 29, with coloured illustrations.

SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH."

LADY MARGARET PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE.



AS ROGUEY-POGUEYISH AS EVER: MISS RENÉE KELLY, OF "FRENCH LEAVE."

Miss Renée Kelly plays the lead in "French Leave," the successful light, merrily acted entertainment at the Globe, and is "as roguey-pogueyish as ever," to quote the "Times" description of her.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]



FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



IN "Not Known Here," Mrs. Wilfrid Ward has accomplished a notable thing. She has written a war book which, in spite of the devastating surfeit of war books, yet imparts a distinct and fresh emotion. She attains this quite surprising triumph not merely by means of the fine, smooth power of her story-telling, but because, wonder of wonders, amid an army of well-worn war themes she has discovered a brilliant and a brand-new plot.

It is, of course, an exceptional plot, but it does not strain the possibilities. Moreover, as Mrs. Wilfrid Ward handles it, it becomes poignantly probable. Karl von Lieben is an entirely attractive boy who lives with his step-father, Hugh Deamer, and his mother in their country home. He is the posthumous son of a German Baron, yet from the very first one feels that he is most un-German, just as one feels that the keen love shown for him by his impulsive and very human step-father is unusually ardent. This beautiful wrongness in the relationship is most delicately realised. One can understand how pushing Aunt Joan, whose business in life is to make people uncomfortable with the best possible intentions, sets out to fight the spirit that gives the "German boy" first place over Mary, the modern and trying *real* daughter of Hugh. One understands it, but resents the intrusion of such a busybody into an atmosphere genuinely serene.

So, very cleverly, one is led to the secret, which is also the drama of the book. Karl is really the son of Hugh and Pamela Deamer, though not the legitimate son. And Karl it is who has to be the scapegoat for a wild and passionate moment spent among the Swiss mountains. The English blood in him cries out to be rid of his German name and connections; for the sake of his mother's name, he cannot do this. War comes, and with it further complications. He is an apparent German who wants to fight for England. He enlists under another name, and is captured. He is recognised by his German uncle, who is commandant at the prison camp. It is a tragic situation, for again his mother's honour stands between him and escape from the punishment meted out to Germans who turn traitors to their Fatherland. Mrs. Ward builds up the story without violence. Through Nanna and her simple spirituality, Mary and her demoniac discontent, and Hugh and Pamela and the various aunts, she develops her dramatic climax with great force, naturalness, and charm.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts takes one of his holidays into humour in "The Bronze Venus," and those who join him can be certain of several hours of sparkling and unrestrained vivacity. It is a vivid and joyous thing, ringing with epigrams—indeed, it might have been called a farce if it wasn't for those epigrams. As it is, it is comedy with brains in it.

It is all about Josiah Fairbrother, a self-made man, who collected antiquities and Norman castles, and had a deep-seated hatred of lawyers and lords. Not individual lawyers and lords, but their orders. "We may detest a County Council, or any other body of men acting as wolves in unison, while entertaining no special



THE BRIDE OF A FAMOUS CARTOONIST: MRS. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER, FORMERLY THE HON. MRS. SCOTT.

The marriage of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather (the famous black-and-white artist and creator of "Ole Bill," "Alf," and "Bert") to the Hon. Mrs. M. Scott was recently announced. Captain Bairnsfather's caricatures have been described as one of the "compensations of the war," and his classic portrayals of the British soldier on active service will never be forgotten. Our photograph of Mrs. Bairnsfather shows her in Red Cross dress. She worked at a hospital in Grosvenor Square during the war.

Photograph by Yevonde.



THE AUTHOR OF THE NEW PLAYHOUSE PRODUCTION: MR. BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS AT HOME.

Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings is the well-known playwright and author of "A Certain Liveliness," "Razzle-Dazzle," "Victory" (the dramatic version of the famous Conrad novel), and many other stage successes. His "Hanky-Panky John," which has already been seen in Manchester, is the new attraction at the Playhouse. It is being produced by Mr. Stanley Logan, and the first night was due on Monday last, Jan. 31. Our photograph shows Mr. Macdonald Hastings at home at St. Leonards.

Photograph by T.P.A.

loathing for the constituent members of the gang," is his way of saying it. This being his attitude, it was a tragedy that his daughters—Vera, who had a "morbid" predilection for the truth, and Felicity, who was audacious, "had an archaic smile," and who regarded "the concepts of right and wrong with the indifference of the greater cats"—should have fallen in love with a lord and a lawyer.

They were rather notable young men, especially the lawyer, Augustine Griffin, K.C., M.P., who went to a Covent Garden dance not merely as a poached egg, but with "just the helpless, appealing expression of a poached egg on toast." From a man who could get into the soul of things like that much can be expected, and one is not disappointed. In quite rousing manner he sets to work to break down the father's prejudices. He is deliciously unscrupulous: "The advantage of having no conscience is that you can't have a bad one," is his attitude, and he proceeds to undermine an adamantine Fairbrother—first by stealing the bronze statuette of the Venus, and then by other methods unprincipled and hilarious.

And through all the unabashed plotting he and the others manage to keep life vivid with a play of unfaltering wit that glances on all things from Freud to the Labour question—"So absorbed is the proletariat in its wages that it overlooks the fundamental truism that wages entail work," is one good thing.

Mr. Knut Hamsun's "Pan" is a curious and yet beautiful study of a man who lived in a lonely Nordland hut, with the swinging sea before him, and the deep woods behind. It is set in a land where the nights are white, and at a time when "spring with its glad, mysterious restlessness is working in the woods," and in his heart. Lieutenant Glahn, the handsome, the irresistible, whose power one felt "when he looked at you with his hot animal eyes," is disturbed in his idyllic forest loneliness by the coming of spring and Edvarda.

Edvarda is a schoolgirl, "with no figure to speak of, long dark hands, and a mouth large and rich." She has a restless passion for the unattainable. Glahn, with his aloofness, catches her fancy, and she lures him from his familiar woods to stumble uncouthly amid the faint gaieties of the little Nordland shipping post. He is Pan with civilised breeches on, and he cuts a queer figure. But he is Pan in love too, and the hurt the temperamental girl deals endures. All sea beauty and scenery and the quickening emotions of the free forest lose their savour and their sharp delight. Not even Eva, "with her little girlish head, her hair like a nun's," and her untrammelled giving, can remove the image of Edvarda. Glahn behaves with the curious dour, grey, almost animal instinct one always seems to feel in Scandinavian books, as though spiritually these people were of a different order of creation, and for that reason one is enormously interested.

Not Known Here. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.)

The Bronze Venus. By Eden Phillpotts. (Grant Richards; 8s.)

Pan. By Knut Hamsun. (Gyldendal; 7s. 6d.)



ONE wonders a little nervously whether Lord Lee's gift of Chequers for the official *villeggiatura* of the Prime Minister (who, with all his work, does need a little country life) will produce broad and startling effects in British politics and administration. Now that it is to be publicly admitted that the First Lord of the Treasury does not eat, work, and sleep perpetually in Downing Street, will the machinery of English Government follow him officially to the country?

Will they secure a neighbouring barn for the accommodation of the Foreign Office, and a suitable cottage (overlooking duck-pond) for the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty? The Ministry of Munitions, of course, can go in the tool-shed; and the War Office might be bedded out in the local drill-hall. This isn't, of course, the first time that a P.M. has ever left London. All loyal inhabitants of Our Royal Borough of Walton Heath know that. But it doesn't seem to have happened quite so officially before.

against the invasion of the Pavilion by the assembled governors of England. Or Oxford. Where all those Parliaments whose dates you have forgotten used to sit. It would really be a kindness to the tobacconists and taxi-drivers who make up the population of that Metropolis of Learning to transport the Government there in the Long Vacation. Hard luck on Lohdon, of course. Because no one who has once been a capital really enjoys being a provincial town. Look at the pathetic mouldering of Versailles. And, for the matter of that, Dublin. Or (if those large, red-haired men are looking the other way) Edinburgh. This Vast City of Ours, as the Rector of Tooting Bec said only last Sunday, is to a quite surprising degree the chief and only place in the kingdom of which it is the official capital. They talk about France being Paris. But it is not half so predominant as London is in England.

You rarely hear of a reputation for anything that manages to get itself made anywhere else. Except lawyers, of course, who have a



BOXING CELEBRITIES: AN INTERESTING GROUP, INCLUDING CARPENTIER, WILDE, AND BECKETT.

Our group of boxing celebrities shows (from left to right): Back Row: M. Deschamps (Carpentier's manager); J. Lenaers (sparring partner to Carpentier); Fred Dyer; Eugene Corri (the famous referee); J. H. Hulls (of the National Sporting Club); George Pearson (of the National Sporting Club); and Jack Terrell. In the

Front Row the names read: Joe Beckett; Georges Carpentier; Jimmy Wilde; Tommy Burns; Wally Pickard; and George Beckett. This group was taken the other day at Leeds, where a number of men well known in the boxing world helped to make a success of the local sports effort for the blind, at the Town Hall.

Photograph by Fielding, Leeds.

And the result may quite well be that the Government will migrate, like the Government of India, when the warm weather gets too much for it in Whitehall. - After all, the Indian executive packs its trunks and goes up to Simla to earn its pay in a more equable climate. So why shouldn't his Majesty's advisers do likewise when it begins to get too sunny to walk with comfort across the Horse Guards Parade?

Only one feels that Chequers is a trifle remote. The village post-office might be apt to get a trifle over-worked. And the Ministry of Health would never be really comfortable in the pig-sty at the corner. Even though Dr. Addison *had* promised to build them a house or so in a year or so. No. If we are to find a Summer Palace for our masters, we must look for it in some neighbourhood that is a shade more "developed," as the suburban land speculators say, than the agreeable vicinity where young Mr. Arthur Lee used to sport with Oliver Cromwell in the shade.

There was a time, of course, when Brighton was the real capital of England, and one wonders if Mr. Harry Preston would protest

way of coming from Liverpool. But they never stay there, do they? A pity. Sometimes. And dull drama, which was for so long a Manchester export. But pretty well everything else that matters comes from Thames-side. Hats and clothes and books and songs and sweets and pictures all seem to emanate from the overgrown County of London.

So Lord Lee must beware how he attempts to depose that large tyrant from its throne. Because we Won't Stand It. And the Londoners will probably, when they find out what is going on (which generally takes them about six months), march on Chequers like the Parisian women on Versailles and bring back the Cabinet in strict custody to Downing Street. Including the Dauphine Megan. Because we must keep them under our eyes. In the country, where no one can see what they are up to, they may go giving peerages to gentlemen who sit for still more Celtic and consonanted neighbourhoods than a Mr. Vaughan Davies who has just startled Debrett by assuming in rapid succession the tongue-twisting titles of Ceredigion and Ystwith. Now, we could never have thought of that in London.

A Beautiful Belgian – Well Known in London.



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE LATE COMTE DE LALAING: COMTESSE ISABELLE DE LALAING.

Comtesse Isabelle de Lalaing, who is well known in London Society, is the only daughter of the late Comte de Lalaing, who was Belgian Minister at the Court of St. James's from 1903 to 1915. Her mother,

the Comtesse de Lalaing, is a Dutchwoman, being the daughter of Baron du Tour de Bellinchave, who was Grand Master of Ceremonies at the Court of Queen Wilhelmina.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Tyltyl's Bride Chosen by Her Unborn Children.



IN THE ABODE OF THE UNBORN CHILDREN, IN "THE BETROTHAL": TYLTYL (MR. BOBBIE ANDREWS), WITH HIS SIX SWEETHEARTS AND JOY (MISS GLADYS COOPER) STILL VEILED.



THE "CUBIC" DESTINY (MR. IVAN BERLYN) APPEARS IN THE WOODCUTTER'S COTTAGE: FAIRY BERYLUNE (MISS WINIFRED EMERY) WITH TYLTYL AND HIS SWEETHEARTS.

Maeterlinck's philosophical fables and fabulous philosophy, have always appealed to the English temperament. "The Blue Bird" was immensely popular, and its sequel, "The Betrothal," is arousing considerable interest at the Gaiety. Tyltyl is now a youth, and seeks a bride. He has six sweethearts, and the Good Fairy

Berylune explains that first his ancestors and then his unborn children must choose his wife for him. Destiny joins the party, and Tyltyl is followed by a veiled shape, who finally turns out to be Joy (Miss Gladys Cooper), his predestined bride. She is recognised by the youngest of the unborn.

Recognised by the Youngest Unborn: Tytyl's Bride, Joy.



AS SHE APPEARS UNTIL NEARLY THE END OF THE PLAY:
MISS GLADYS COOPER AS JOY, THE VEILED FIGURE.



RECOGNISED BY THE YOUNGEST UNBORN: MISS GLADYS
COOPER, AS JOY UNVEILED, AND MISS GABRIELLE CASARTELLI.



NO LONGER A MYTHICAL FIGURE: MISS GLADYS COOPER
AS TYTYL'S BRIDE.

One of the most piquant features of "The Betrothal," M. Maeterlinck's play at the Gaiety, is that Miss Gladys Cooper, who plays the rôle of Joy, Tytyl's predestined bride, appears as a veiled figure until nearly the end of the play. Our photographs show the charming scene when the Smallest of All the Unborn Children recognises her Mother-to-Be

in the veiled figure, and Joy appears in all her exquisite beauty. They also illustrate Miss Gladys Cooper's appearance both as the silent shape and as the human bride, who is introduced to Tytyl after his journey into Fairyland. The charming fancies of the play and its poetic significance make it very attractive.—[Photographs by S'ags Photo. Co.]



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

The G.O.M. of Golf is Dead.

Charlie Hunter is dead. At the opening of these proceedings, trying to think of something pleasant, and being attracted, despite certain objections, towards a subject of extreme youth, with a spring and a snap in it—towards Bobby Jones as the best exemplar that two continents can show, apparently—there came at that moment this news from Prestwick on the Ayrshire coast, a great fact of history, the formal closing of an epoch as it is. Charlie Hunter is dead. Bobby Jones of Oregon will almost certainly never have heard of Charlie Hunter, though Chick Evans knew him, Charlie having spoken kind words to that American when, as a stripling, he made his first appearance in our championship golf at Prestwick, Charlie Hunter then, as for more than half a century past, being professional there. But it is nothing against Bobby Jones, that emblem of youthful aggression, that he is all so ignorant of Charlie Hunter, for most of the young or the new golfers are likewise.

The great things of the past do not count with them so much as with the players of even a generation back; they hardly appreciate the value of tradition as it is attached to golf, and the richening effect it has upon almost every game, especially at the old places. He was eighty-four. When the great Allan Robertson passed away, somebody said at St. Andrews, "They may toll the bells and shut up their shops at St. Andrews, for their greatest is gone!" A few years ago old Tom departed, and another of the big links with the great past was broken.

All, All Have Gone.

With the passing of Charlie Hunter the last has snapped; we seem to be left alone with our modernity. It feels a little chilly. This isolation is not agreeable. Rarely may one have associated with the great old men of the game, but it was nice to know that they were there. They were as the emblems of the traditions. How the great old amateurs have been leaving us. The Earl of Wemyss, Molesworth of Westward Ho, Laidlaw Purves, William Doleman, just to mention a few in wide diversity of situation and circumstance, but all among the ancients—all have gone, and their companions with them, in the last few years. One can even convey to the profiteers who have recently become golfers a sense of the loss that the game suffers at this moment, by mentioning that Charlie Hunter was the last survivor of those who played in the first Open Championship, which took place at Prestwick in 1860. He belonged to the great community of Old Tom and Young Tom, of Old Willie, and Strath, and all that famous crew. He was the last of them, and his was the title of Grand Old Man of Golf.

The Awe of the Game. He was an impressive character, a personality, was old Charlie Hunter; it was with a sense of keeping up the cohesions of life and happiness that, on going to Prestwick, one saw again that round and smiling

face with the chops of white whisker at the sides of it. It was not much of the canny Scot sort of face; it was more like a John Bull a little Scottified, or watered down, though I suppose one should not say "watered down" of anything Scottish, particularly so good as this. But it was soft, and genial, and kindly, and Charlie never came out with those rasping, cutting criticisms and sentiments as did some of the other famous old ones; he did not screw up his features, he was na sae muckle canny, and with it all he did not become famous as a character like the others. He was just good and happy Charlie Hunter, and the Prestwick Golf Club loved their old man, had his portrait painted to the full size of life, and hung it in their club-house. But do not think that Charlie Hunter did not stand in awe of this amazing game like the best of them, that he did not see into its tremendous depths. Looking down into them once, he drew back, murmuring: "Golf is an awfu' game for humblin' a man!"

That was properly said for a Grand Old Man; it is the chief fault of the profiteers who have begun to play, that they do not think the game is awful, and they are not frightened of it. They just go and "buy their shots in a shop," as the President of the United States Golf Association said at the banquet the British golfers gave him and his colleagues in London last summer. "It's aye fechtin' against us!" said Old Tom of golf; but yet, to Tom and to Charlie it was still the greatest joy. "Wi' the help o' ma God an' o' gowff, I've aye gotten warsled through somehow or ither!" said Old Tom quite piously.

His Life and Times.

Like most others of our southern people, I saw Charlie Hunter last at that



WHERE SOCIETY GOLFERS MUCH DO CONGREGATE: THE MONT AGEL COURSE, MONTE CARLO—A VIEW FROM THE THIRD TEE.

A good deal of golf is being played on the Riviera this year, at the various courses on the Côte d'Azur. Our photograph shows Mont Agel, the mountainous Monte Carlo course.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

strange Open Championship at Prestwick a few weeks before the beginning of the war. He was seventy-eight years old at that time, but he started the competitors off in the championship, just as he had done so many times before. When he himself played in the first of them he was an amateur, but he succeeded Old Tom as professional at Prestwick in 1864. Having held this post only a few months, he was tempted to the South, becoming professional to the Royal Blackheath Golf Club, and thus he was the first of that great southward procession of the Scottish champion class which eventually, long after, denuded Scotland of most of her greatest players. Andrew Strath held the professional's shop at Prestwick until 1868, when he died, and then Charlie went back again, and has remained there ever since. One should state these things, since the information given in the first announcements in the papers was different and wrong. On the day before that last championship at Prestwick, in 1914, J. H. Taylor, on behalf of the professionals, presented him, as a token of their respect, with a marble clock and ornaments, for it was then fifty years from the time he had first become professional there. Farewell and peace, Charlie Hunter.

His Latest Adventure: Johnny Jones Robey Golfs.



STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE COURSE:
GEORGE ROBEY HITS A GOOD ONE.



A CASE FOR THE MASHIE: GEORGE CERTIFIES
IT TO BE A DEAD STYMIE.



"I DON'T THINK I CAN USE THIS CLUB":
GEORGE IN A DIFFICULT LIE.



"THIS IS THE WAY I DO IT": GEORGE
ABOUT TO HOLE A LONG ONE.

Johnny Jones, whose adventures at the Alhambra are still delighting London, has taken to golf, which he plays at Coombe Hill. Our photographs illustrate the methods of the famous comedian on the golf

course. He hopes to master the game, and be a scratch player, though, if it be true that hilarity and golf do not combine, Robey's opponents will have a stiff time!—[Photographs by Alfieri.]

The Worst of It.



THE GUEST WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED: Dear, dear, what a terrible night it is!

THE HOST: Yes, most disappointing. I'm afraid it'll keep all the best people away!

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

ABDULLA'S BEST

OR
INCENSE AND ASHES.

BY R. H. AND L. B.



A MEMBER OF A MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB.



ONE OF THE FAIREST WOMEN IN LONDON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SIR KENNETH SATINWOOD, sportsman and millionaire, attending a performance at the Felicity Music-Hall, is mysteriously spirited away from

THE LADY SYRINGA SATINWOOD, his bride of a week. Cast upon the world, she endeavours to earn a livelihood by selling boot-laces. At her last gasp, she is greeted by

THE MAN WITH THE TWISTED NOSE, a sinister figure who promises to reveal to Syringa her husband's whereabouts.

ZARA, THE ORIENTAL SNAKE-CHARMER, and her colleague,

BONGO, THE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR, twin stars at the Felicity Music-Hall, are supping with Sir Kenneth at the Blitz Hotel. At the moment when Zara hails Sir Kenneth as her long-lost husband, Syringa and the Man with the Twisted Nose enter the apartment, and Syringa, in dismay, faints backwards into the lift, while her companion is recognised by Zara as Andreas Zogolibowskivitch. Syringa disguises herself as a chambermaid, and in that capacity overhears Andreas claiming Zara as his wife. Later the shrieks of Andreas being done to death cause her to faint. She recovers, to find herself denounced by Zara as the murderess.

CHAPTER VI.

173, NEW BOND ST.

SIR KENNETH, immaculate in morning coat and vest strolled westward, steeped in profoundest gloom.

'Twas high noon in New Bond Street, and as he wended his way through the crowd outside No. 173, the Fashionable Establishment of Messrs. Abdulla and Co., Ltd., the fairest women in London, and the members of the most exclusive Clubs alike, showered smiles and greetings upon him. But Sir Kenneth answered with neither word nor hat.

Hard and difficult it was for him to realise how this pleasant world was changed by the reappearance of a wife long deemed dead.

"Most upsetting," he inwardly murmured, and at that moment his attention was rivetted by the news-bill he was inadvertently walking over. What were the words that seared his brain?

"FOREIGNER CRUSHED TO DEATH BY CHAMBERMAID AT THE BLITZ HOTEL."

Scarce daring to hope that this was the solution of his life's imbroglio he dashed madly down Piccadilly towards the Blitz.



He dashed madly down Piccadilly.

CHAPTER VII. DETECTIVE SHARK.

NOW, gentle reader, let us retrace our steps to the suite-de-luxe at the Blitz Hotel. The ornate drawing-room was empty save for the inert mass once known as Andreas Zogolibowskivitch, and Detective Shark of the "Yard," who, having ordered the room to be cleared, was on hands and knees, busily engaged with a tape measure.

Whilst he was savouring the fragrance of a delicious Abdulla cigarette under the table he was measuring, his attention was attracted by a rustling sound proceeding from the chimney, and from his concealed position he observed the form of Bongo the Boa-constrictor, coated in soot, undulating towards the corpse and swallowing it.

"This cuts deeper than I had anticipated," muttered the detective. "Doubtless the chambermaid's accomplice, removing all traces of her crime." Ere the feet of Andreas disappeared from view, Shark flung open the door, and

summoned as witnesses the constables who held Syringa handcuffed in their midst.

It was at this moment that Sir Kenneth, hatless and unkempt, from his wild rush down Piccadilly, dropped like a bolt from the blue into the group now watching the interment in respectful silence. For one moment his distraught glance flew round the apartment, and then—"SYRINGA!" . . . he cried in a voice never to be forgotten while life lasted. Joy, despair, amazement, annoyance, incredulity and tenderest love all had their part in that single word, "Syringa." And then "My wife!" he murmured, and in a lower tone, "My second wife."

Detective Shark gripped the whole situation as in a vice. "Wife and Murderess," he shouted in a voice that rang like a pistol-shot through the room. Sir Kenneth's iron jaw relaxed and he dropped like a stone where he stood.

(Another absorbing instalment of this astounding story will appear next week)



THERE were two attractions in Paris at the same time, and this, it must be confessed, was unfair to both of them.

Someone had blundered in arranging the Peace Conference at the moment when the Salon des Indépendants opened. One was divided in mind about whether it would be more interesting to talk about Mr. Lloyd George ("Don't you think he has aged lately, *ma chère* ?") or about Van Dongen ("Really, does he not exaggerate just a little too much ?"). It is entertaining to whisper the latest version of the triangular duel that is taking place between M. Briand, M. Millerand, and M. Poincaré ("The story was related to me by an Under-Secretary of State whom I *tutoie*"), but perhaps a discussion about Cubism, as developed at the Grand Palais, is livelier.



PLAYING TENNIS ON THE RIVIERA: LORD BEAVERBROOK.

Lord Beaverbrook, P.C., who is well known in political and newspaper circles, has been playing lawn-tennis in the South of France. Formerly Sir Max Aitken, he was raised to the Peerage in 1917. He was Minister of Information in 1918, and held important appointments with the Canadian Forces during the war.—[Photograph by Navello.]

In horse-racing she has long held her own, but this is the first time that the new sporting spirit has been recognised officially, and a famous footballer chosen to organise the physical education of the youthful French in the schools. Gaston Vidal is a young enthusiast who will do his best to make France the foremost sporting nation of the world. His chief, on the other hand, M. Léon Bérard, is regarded in every *salon* as the wittiest man in French society. So one will look after the *esprit* of France, and the other after the muscles of France.

If we have a Minister of Wit and a Minister of Sports, why not, it is being asked, also a Minister of Fashion? Why not, indeed? At present there is a sad lack of a directing mind. The mode is eclectic as it has never been before. The designers have finished their researches at the Bibliothèque Nationale, where they have turned over the collections of old *estampes* showing the silhouettes of every epoch. A really up-to-date dress has probably been inspired by something that Catherine de' Medici or Anne de Bretagne wore centuries ago. These spring fashions are composed pell-mell, and take every variety of shape. There are the bell-like forms of the eighteenth

century; there are the *tailles imprécises* of Grecian draperies. Many women, I notice, are wearing long, floating panels on the sides or at the back of the skirt. There are many amusing inventions (such as blue-satin boots!), but so chaotic are these creations that I think the idea of a Minister of Fashion who would reduce the higgledy-piggledy confusion to some sort of order is distinctly good.

But while the statesmen take tea and eat dinners, and talk profoundly in the intervals of enjoying Paris, it is permissible to escape to the Salon des Indépendants and see what the Dadaistes, the Cubistes, the Vorticistes, are doing. Anybody can send to this Salon, for there is no jury. Winston Churchill would certainly be hung—let me make my meaning clear after the dreadful fate that befalls mad orators in England: I mean, of course, that the paintings of Mr. Churchill, which he has been executing in the Sunny South, would certainly be hung. There are, in consequence of this hospitable reception of any eccentric, or even perfectly incompetent *tableaux*, the wildest examples of French art gathered together at the Grand Palais.

There are few portraits. I liked that of Henri Barbusse by Mme. Mela-Muter, and that of Sir James Frazer by Mme. Agutte, but there is little else to note in this *genre*. To tell the truth, there is something wearisome in wandering from *salle* to *salle* looking at the acres of pictures, some of them good, but many of them indifferent, a large percentage of them simply incomprehensible! I prefer to sit quietly watching the stream of visitors flow by; for the Salon des Indépendants is, like the *vrai* Salon and the Salon d'Automne, chiefly interesting because it brings together a fashionable and sometimes amusing assembly.



THE SON OF A FAMOUS PRE-RAPHAELITE ARTIST: SIR PHILIP BURNE-JONES, BT.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bt., the only son of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bt., the famous artist, has recently been at Monte Carlo, where this snapshot was taken.

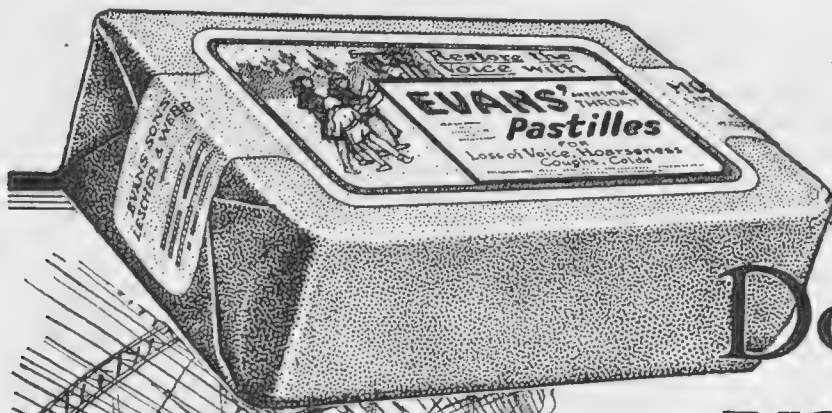
Photograph by Navello.



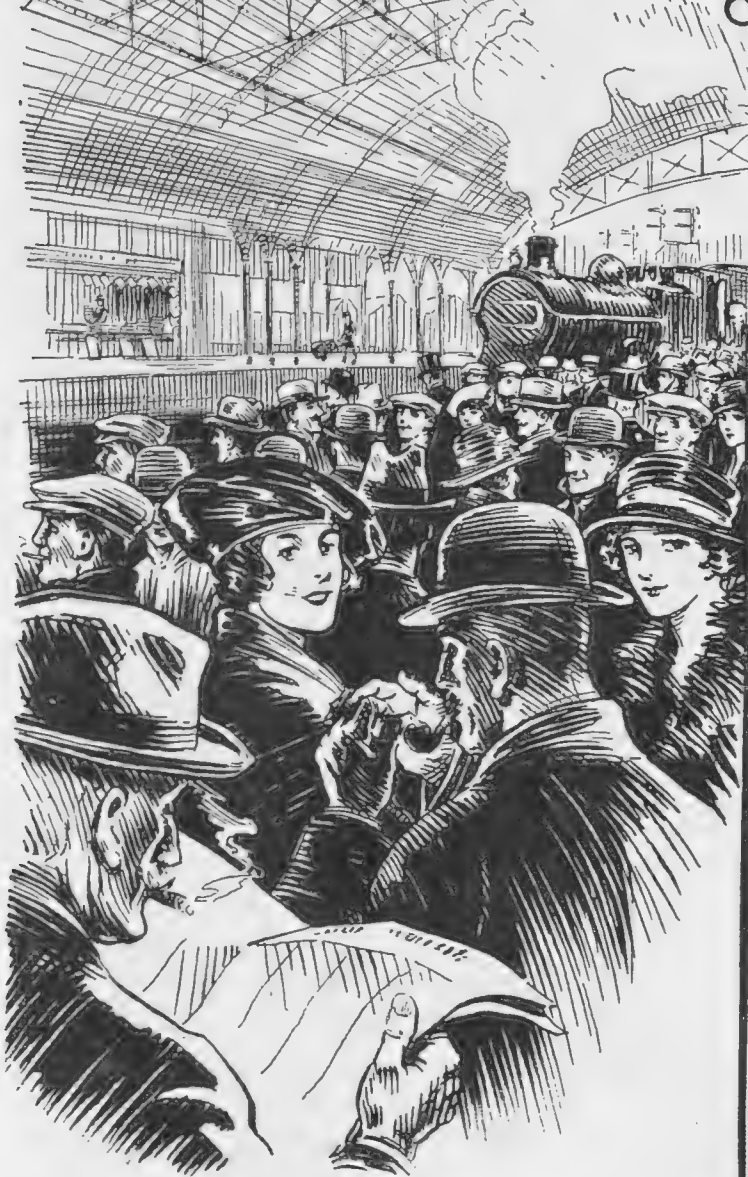
IN THE SUNNY SOUTH: CAPTAIN C. E. HUTTON; THE HON. VICTOR BETHELL; LADY DE BATHE; AND THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BETHELL (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT). Our snapshot shows the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bethell, Lord Westbury's brother and sister-in-law, with Lady de Bathe and Captain C. E. Hutton.—[Photograph by Navello.]

One piece of gossip that came often to my ear was that all the impossible extravagances were not French at all, but were contributed by Roumanian, Polish, Russian, and Serbian artists. I think there is perhaps some truth in the remark, though certainly there are French culprits besides these Balkan and Baltic exponents of insanity in paint. Another favourite remark—the sort of remark that your neighbour in the drawing-room is sure to make—is that too many artists nowadays are painting cabbages and oranges. Wine-bottles may be beautiful, pears may be pictorial, even potatoes may be poetic; but one cannot remain perpetually in ecstasy before carrots.

Already Paris is talking about the selection of the "Queen of Queens" for Mi-Carême. Mi-Carême is still a month off, but all the pretty girls are being chosen in each of the twenty *arrondissements* of Paris, and presently at the Hôtel de Ville actresses and painters and others will be called upon to sit as a committee to make the final choice. SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



Do you know how you catch cold?



SUSCEPTIBILITY to infection is merely a question of vitality. In normal health nature has sufficient resources to repel the continuous attacks of the multitudinous disease microbes which swarm in the atmosphere: but when the vitality is momentarily lowered susceptibility to infection is increased, resistance is weakened and easily overcome.

The incidentals of daily life frequently lower the vitality imperceptibly: sudden change of temperature, over-exertion in work or sport, exposure, lack of fresh air—and it is then that the colds are caught.

Evans' Pastilles effectively counteract the evil done by disease bacilli, they strengthen the resistance against infection, and are wonderfully soothing and healing in all throat affections.

EVANS' Pastilles

An effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, etc.

1/3 per Tin, from Chemists, or post free from the makers EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, LTD., 56 Hanover St., Liverpool; 60 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1. and New York.

On crowded platforms and in stuffy trains there is urgent need for Evans' Pastilles.

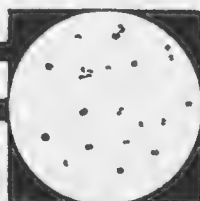
THE DANGER



The Streptococcus Brevis which causes Sore Throat.



The Bacillus Influenzae which causes Influenza.



The Diplococcus Pneumoniae which causes Pneumonia.

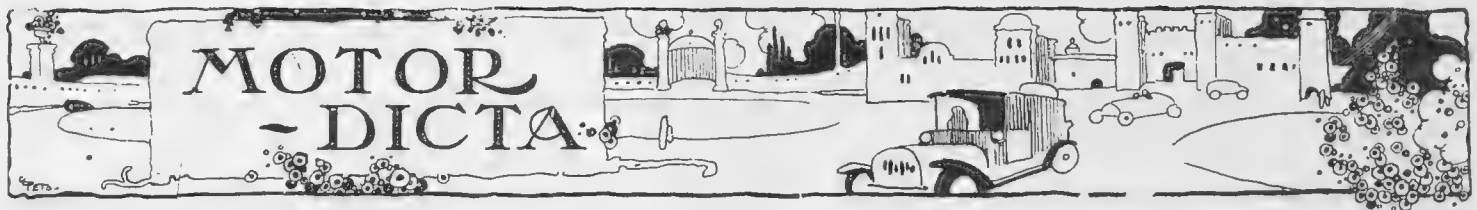
Illustrated from photo-micrographs taken at our Runcorn Laboratories.

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But—see the Raised Bar on every Pastille.

Evans' Pastilles are different from any other pastille on the market. They possess unique virtues and the Raised Bar, a patented mark, is your guarantee against substitution.



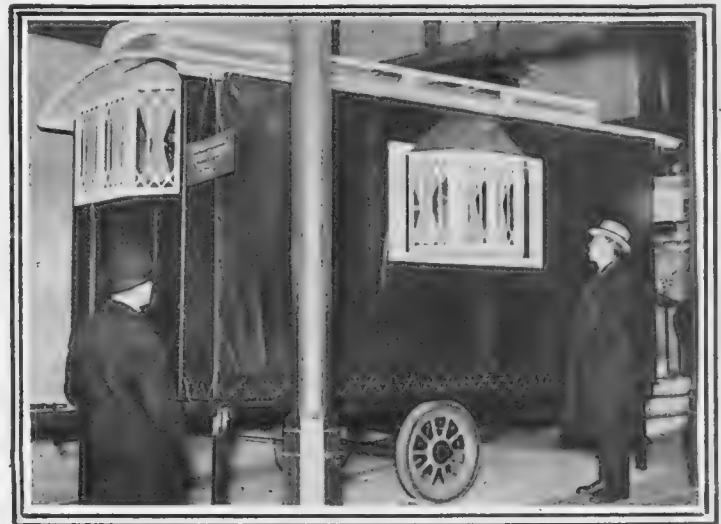
PRELIMINARIES OF NEW MOTOR BILL—IN THE AUTO-DOLDRUMS. By GERALD BISS.

IT is understood that the Geddesian departmental committee appointed to inquire into the preliminary points of the next great Geddes Act—otherwise, the Motor Car Bill 1921—has now practically concluded its labours, and is about to report to the Great Yen How for his gracious consideration. There are many points involved, such as the grading of the roads and the revision of existing speed-limits in special places; but the two greatest matters for decision are the speed-limit itself and the question of examination before granting a driving license. Many motorists are dead against the latter, but I feel that there is a very great deal to be said for it from many points of view. The great fear is another increase in bureaucracy, and an added expense to motoring generally; and I can see a large staff in every district, if not town, with a fleet of Government-supported cars awaiting applicants—a regular "Mespot" flowing with milk and motors. If such examinations be decided upon, they should be held by the R.A.C. and the A.A., or any such established and accredited bodies, or even by appointed schools of motoring, at a fixed small fee for the actual examination itself, which need not be either a lengthy or expensive matter.

Fate of the Speed-Limit.

As regards the question of whether to abolish the speed-limit or to extend it, I am all against the latter, as I do not consider any speed-limit is logical; and therefore, whatever it be fixed at, it will be open to abuse. After what has gone on for years, I am not inclined to trust either the Bumbles or the police in certain notorious areas; and I believe that a thirty or thirty-five m.p.h. limit would simply result in a grand automobile battue and enormous activity in trapping centres, with eminently questionable and undesirable results. Therefore, I am all for personal responsibility and no speed-limit, with increased penalties in bad cases, but every case to be safeguarded by the onus of proving danger, or at least a reasonable probability of danger, being placed upon the prosecution. What I fear in all matters is the judgment of certain unreasonable magistrates loosely appointed, though in many cases their fairness of judgment and lack of prejudice is beyond question. Under the new option as to endorsing licenses upon conviction or not, it is interesting to note the attitude of various Benches and beaks, of whom the more reasonable evidently interpret the new

sheer spite or peevish perversion, instead of adopting the broad view clearly intended. Personally, I would as soon send an auto-swine to prison for real hogging as look at him, not only for the protection of the public, but for the sake of decent motorists, who get tarred with the same brush of obloquy; but I could never wax wrathful or unjust over a technical infringement in motoring or anything else. The trouble of the whole thing is that even Little Eric cannot legislate for individual temperaments, and has to choose between broad principles; and that's the rub. So I would, upon the whole, rather take the



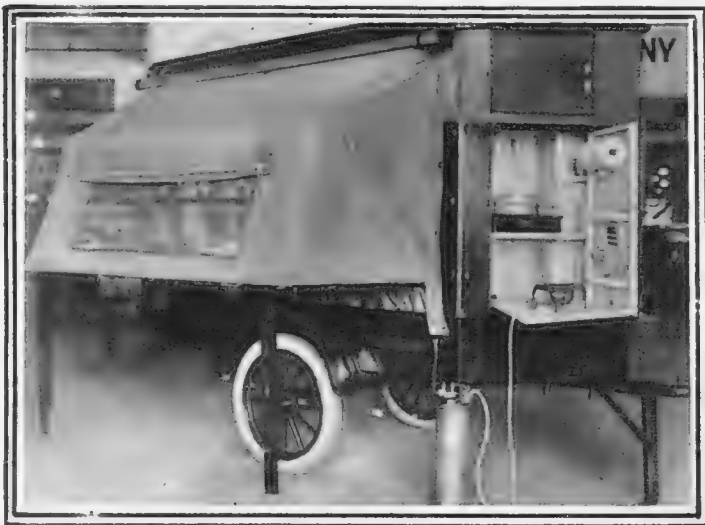
AN EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, ISLINGTON :
A BEDROOM AS A TRAILER.

This bedroom on wheels is intended to be used as a trailer attached to a motor-car, and is an exhibit at the World's Fair, Islington. It costs £380, and is entirely collapsible.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

risk of no fixed speed-limit, as the rising generation of beaks and Bumbles, if begotten in sin, have at least been born in automobilism, and will not pursue the prejudices of the past.

Trials of Automobildom.

It is no good pretending that the automobile situation is brilliant, any more than any other at the moment, and once again it is suffering as much from outside causes as from those within. The truth is that, necessary as they are to all and vital to many, when a bad time sets in and money is what financial folk term tight, people can rub along for a time without buying cars, or even commercial vehicles. During that time the industry has to suffer extreme pains and difficulties; but, on the other hand, it is amongst the first to revive. At the moment, owing to cost of production, over-production, and no money to buy, a state of stagnation has set in at this, the slackest period of the year; and in some cases the banks and such controllers of finance are not proving particularly amenable; while there are big commitments to be met. Other industries are going through a similar black time; but it has not been a bull point for motors either here or in New York to have had it made public that even the great "Poppa" Ford is piled up with unsold "Lizzies" amounting to millions in money, and looking for counter-balancing millions in cash to carry on with. The bigger the business the bigger the financial difficulties at such a time; but everybody had regarded the Ford business as beyond any troubles save of counting up its millions, and it has given smaller men furiously to think. The statements are too precise to appear mere rumours, and come from accredited sources—but, of course, may be exaggerated; but if the omnipotent, world-permeating "Lizzie" be passing through a time of trouble, how much more less successful and less well-organised concerns? Meanwhile, however, some folk are inclined to think that we are nearly through the worst of it. But I want to point out that the motor industry is not the only one which has slumped badly; and it is, in addition, one upon which so many outside conditions and considerations operate and react. Here's to an early recovery all round! To encourage Mr. Ford, his hands are offering to take the works over temporarily, and to build themselves tin "Lizzies" at cost price. It shows that they have kind hearts beneath their overalls.



A SOLUTION FOR THE HOUSING QUESTION :
THE BUNGALOW ON WHEELS.

This photograph illustrates an invention from the U.S.A., which is guaranteed to solve the housing question! It consists of a bungalow on wheels, which can be folded up, attached as a trailer to a car, and whisked along at 50 miles per hour without breaking the crockery or upsetting the furnishings! It is the invention of Glenn G. Curtiss, of aircraft fame, and is guaranteed as a comfortable home.

Photograph by Wide-World Photos.

option in the obvious spirit—that endorsement should be reserved solely for bad cases, and really mean something more than a mere technical offence. Others, on the other hand, will as soon spoil a clean record approaching the present three-years limit—another example of the absurdity and lack of logic in hard-and-fast limitations—from



GROSSMITH'S Shem-el-Nessim

*The Scent
of Araby.*

THIS fascinating Eastern Perfume has the blended fragrance of the rarest flowers of the Orient. It is

An Inspiration in Perfume
and imparts to the user an atmosphere of delicate distinction.

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Delicate and natural in tint. Smooth, satiny, adherent and unobtrusive. Gives the complexion a wonderful softness and fragrant attractiveness.

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Shem-el-Nessim Toilet Soap, 1/- and 1/9 per tablet;
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Scientists have marvelled at it, experts have been bewildered by it, and the press of two continents have extolled it with unstinted praise.

But the greatest tribute of all is the fact that Tēcla Pearls are worn and prized by women of social prominence to whom money is no object, and who are under no constraint to consider their means in taking counsel of their wishes.

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(The London Tēcla Gem Co. Ltd.)

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THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

AN optimist is a person who pleads a subsequent engagement and expects to be invited again.

The pet borrower of an institution had been lucky, in the summer, in meeting someone who had not yet heard his tale.



COMPOSER OF A NEW SUITE :
MR. PERCY GRAINGER.

Mr. Percy Grainger's new Suite, "In a Nutshell," should certainly have a "succès de scandale," quite apart from its real artistic merit, as, besides the ordinary orchestra, there was used at the Queen's Hall on Saturday a group of brand-new "tuneful percussion" instruments which hails from America, and should meet with Signor Marinetti's approval!

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

can't. I haven't spent it all yet!" And, of course, there's no answer to that, is there?

Few things in life are more pathetic—surely, nothing is more pathetic—than the sight of a confirmed liar telling the truth.

Strange, isn't it, how a phrase that gets into popular use seems to mean so little? For instance, "one of the best" invariably means one of the worst as far as good-fellowship goes.

I had occasion, the other day, to ring up on the 'phone a friend of mine who once made a great hit as the Boy Who Never Grew Up. I

And, by the arts of the real tale-teller, he had extracted from the innocent one the sum of five pounds—"till Thursday week." A few weeks ago, the innocent, mulcted one met the champion toucher and wished him a happy New Year, and all that, you know. The kindly felicitations were reciprocated with immediate grace. Finding that everything seemed happy, the lender ventured to broach the subject of the five of months ago, and, explaining that he himself was rather hard-pressed for the moment, asked if he could have the debt paid. "What!" said the borrower, "that five you were so kind as to lend me last July?" The lender's hopes flaunted themselves in his panting heart. "Yes," he said, with flushed eagerness. "I should like you to let me have it back to-day, old bird." The other fumbled in his pocket, rattled a few coppers, and exclaimed: "My dear fellow, I

gave the number to the hotel "bell-hop," and asked him to find out if the lady were at home. He called exchange, and, while waiting to be asked "Have you got your number?" turned confidentially to me and said: "D'you know, Sir, I played in 'Peter Pan' once meself; 's years ago, though." I was amazed to think that a buttoned person like that page-boy could have had anything to do with the eternal fantasy, and said so. He replied: "Yes, Sir, I did. But it's not likely that you'll remember me. 'Ere's your number." And, passing the receiver to me, he added, in portentous tone: "Yes, I played the crocodile."

Every now and again we get on to the dear old war story. They were all so good that there seems no harm in reviving one at times. I have just been watching a Covent Garden porter addressing his horse in more or less explicit language, and it reminded me of the incident of the sergeant-major who was taking down particulars of a squad of recruits for what is now recognised as an army that is immortal. "What was you?" he said, pencil and notebook in hand, "What was you before yer joined up?" The answer came in that unwritable sound of a laconic Cockney: "Carman." The sergeant-major wrote carefully the word, spelling it, letter by letter, audibly. To the next man he put the same question, and the same reply was made; just that one word "carman." And so, fully down the front rank of the training squad. By the time he reached the end of the rank, he spelt the word easily and without muttering it letter by letter. Then he began the rear rank. The first recruit was a meek, bespectacled, long-haired individual who, when asked the same question, said: "Oh, before I was recruited into the army, I was by profession a bacteriologist." "You was *what*?" yelled the S.-M., his pencil poised for the moment over the mutely appealing notebook. The recruit replied: "I was a bacteriologist, Sir." The sergeant-major, handing over pencil and notebook, said, in a calmer voice: "Ow! well, yer'd better write it yerself, or be a blinkin' carman, like the rest."

A gentleman is his own definition.

It's a remarkable fact that trouble is never in demand, although some people are always asking for it.

Talking of authors, and celebrated at that, someone asked who "Anon" was—that author who appears so frequently in hymn-books and anthologies of eighteenth-century verse. The alleged wit of the party said: "Most people think the name means several people; but I've got an idea that it was one woman whose name was Anne Onnymuss."

In discussing certain laughter caused by one of the company, a musician named Fred said: "What, Frank! [who was also a musician]—why, Frank has never said a funny thing in his life. But he says an un-funny thing so funnily that it sounds infinitely more funny than if it were frightfully funny." To which the unfunny man retorted: "And Fred never said an unfunny thing; but he says a funny thing so unfunnily that it just as well might never have been funny."

SPEX.



THE WIFE OF AN ANTI-WASTE CANDIDATE: LADY PRYSE, WHOSE HUSBAND IS CONTESTING THE CARDIGANSHIRE BYE-ELECTION.

Lady Pryse is the wife of Sir Lewes Pryse, Bt., of Gogerddan, Cardiganshire, and the daughter of the late Mr. H. W. Horne. Sir Lewes is the Liberal Anti-Waste Candidate in the bye-election in Cardiganshire.

Photograph by Harris Picture Agency.



COMPETING FOR THE BAREBACK PRIZE: GERMAN FRAÜLEINS HAVING THEIR DÉCOLLETAGE MEASURED.

The latest German diversion is illustrated by our photograph. A prize was recently offered for the lady who could expose the largest "acreage" of bare back. The competitors are being measured up in our illustration.

Photograph by Photothek.



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The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.



VOGUES & VANITIES

By
CARMEN
of
COCKAYNE



The Spring Feeling.

The "sales" are over and spring hats are here. And that gives woman another excellent excuse, if she wants it, for indulging in a little extra shop sauntering. After the comparative sobriety of winter millinery—somehow velvet and felts and beavers never succeed in looking quite so frivolous as straws and laces and things of that kind—the windows full of all the delightfully gay hats are a positive treat. Spring—or rather the talk of it, for midwinter is still a day or two ahead—appears to affect the mode in much the same way as it affects humans, and, it seems, produces a gay feeling of irresponsibility, for no one would deny that irresponsibility is the hall-mark of the early comers in the millinery world.



This hat illustrates what happens when tomato tagel and velvet and a short veil meet in one model.

she is not up to date. The fact of the matter is this—spring hats are of all kinds and of all shapes; and as satin, lace straw, horsehair, beads, ciré ribbon, thick net, gelatine straw, and crêpe-de-Chine all figure in the new models, perhaps you will understand how difficult it is for anyone to lay down hard-and-fast rules on the subject. To the persistent I would say, "Madame, Mercie McHardy has every kind of spring hat to show you. Step along, if you please, to her salons, and, having chosen the model that best suits your style of beauty and complexion, go and lay down your own rules for what you can wear in the spring."

All Kinds. As to size, that, too, is largely a matter for individual taste. On the whole, the models are small rather than large, but that is quite understandable, because spring winds are not tempered to meet the comfort of the picture-hat lover. And just in case you are one of those people who continually rail at Fashion and her inconsistency, please notice that there is method in this small-hat decision. Spring is essentially "suit" time; and large hats and trim tailor-mades have very little in common.

Some Details. Ella Fulton, as you see, has sketched several hats on this page, and they convey an idea of the variety to be found at the salons mentioned. People—generally those who do not dress, but merely "clothe" themselves—are so fond of accusing Fashion of being a narrow-minded tyrant who imposes her

No Use Worrying.

It is not the smallest use some precise person demanding just *exactly* what constitutes a spring hat, for the reason that no one—no, not even Mercie McHardy, of 240, Oxford Street, W., which is just by Oxford Circus on the west side, you will remember—can tell her. What this artist does not know about spring millinery wouldn't go on a threepenny bit, so don't be misled into thinking that

Beads and Horsehair.

Then there is horsehair, as well as beads. On the face of it, horsehair does not sound particularly promising as a medium for millinery. That, however, is probably due to the fact that most people's acquaintance with horsehair is limited to the sight of horse's tails and such knowledge as one acquires from sleeping on a horsehair mattress. When it is used for millinery you'd hardly recognise it as the same substance. Woven into lace "straw," it looks rather like the finest crinoline, and is as light as the owner of the most sensitive head could wish. One model made from it is in rust-colour, the shape a "mushroom," and the trimming narrow ribbons that wind round the crown and fall at each side. As to beads, there is no limit to the uses to which they can be devoted. They form flat flower motifs for use on "sporting" millinery; and now and again, in brown or black, and "bugle" in shape, they cover a whole hat. These last are usually made from gelatine specially treated, and gelatine straw shares with them the distinction of being the shiniest material with which the milliner of to-day has to deal.



Showing the becoming effects of pedal straw, satin, and osprey.



Two aspects of new millinery. On the left a vermillion-coloured crinoline model is embroidered by hand and trimmed with glycerine feathers, and very nice too; but then, so is iridescent straw with a nigger-brown veil that almost forgets its mission in life and becomes a bow.

Veils and Other Things.

Veils are indulging in an outburst of colour. Grey and black and white and brown ones have been with us for some time, but they fade into insignificance beside the glories of, say, a brilliant tangerine-coloured one that only the woman with a perfect complexion could wear. You find them going to all lengths, too—a remark that applies to veils of any colour. Some just cover the eyes, one example being a minute brown affair that graces a lemon-yellow toque embroidered in blue and red. Tissues are still used, and a golden one "caged" in thick red net is half hidden beneath a load of pink petals.

One might go on indefinitely if space permitted; but, if the pictures and the letterpress between them haven't already convinced the reader that spring millinery is anything but monotonous, nothing will.

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SMART TEAFROCK (as sketch) in rich quality silk georgette, lined throughout with fine cream lace, and pleated panel at side, outlined with fine silver trimming and finished belt of georgette with trail of flowers in contrasting shades. In powder blue, primrose, turquoise, flame, sky, mauve, apricot, sand, grey, jade, peacock, brown, tan, champagne, rose, white, mole, rust, royal, mulberry, black, coral, pink, navy and saxe.

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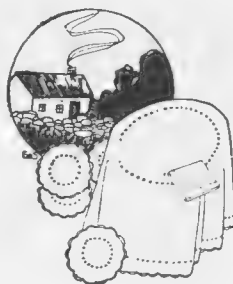
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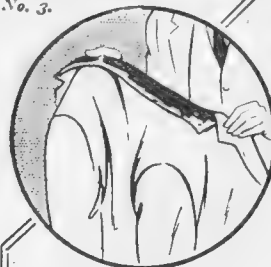
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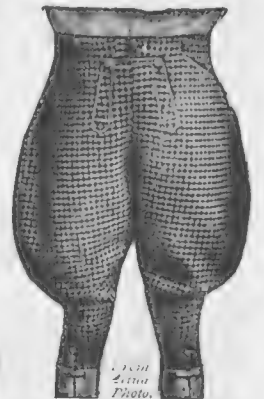
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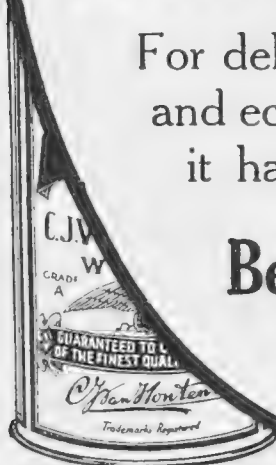
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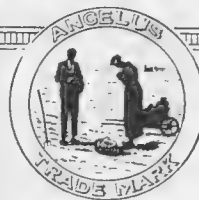
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THE VEIL OF ILLUSION—[Continued from page 172.]

Was it possible, she wondered, that he intended, should an opportunity present itself, to come and see her?

"Come on and dance," repeated Bobby's voice at her elbow.

"Oh, do go," she said pceevishly. "Go down and find Ronnie. I'm not coming. I've got a headache and would much rather be alone—you might tell Ronnie so."

Once alone, her expression changed. If Nevill were at the dance and were in a box, as he was sure to be, he could easily distinguish her with the help of glasses now he knew their number. He might, of course, be quite close. Now she was alone it was possible he would come and speak to her. She knew him well enough to be sure that, if he wanted to, he would.

Suddenly, she felt ill—almost sick with anxiety—surely he would come. After all, he had cared for her once, and few women ever realise how hopeless a thing it is to attempt to revive a dead passion.

The moments sped by, each one seeming to her like a drop of molten lead, a throb of indescribable torture. It never occurred to her to wonder what she would do or say if he should come—or consider what an impossible situation it would be. Since the divorce she had realised that she would rather, after all, have kept him on any terms whatever—she had been mad. Tears sprang to her enormous eyes and she dragged the hangings half-way across the opening, shutting out the sight of the dancers from where she was sitting.

And then suddenly, white as a sheet, she sprang up, for a tall and bulky figure in scarlet was standing silently at the back of the box, dropping the heavy curtain behind him.

Veronica, in her sudden emotion, could hardly see him, but with a supreme effort of will she held out her shaking hands. Then, "Oh, Chris, I knew you'd come," she sobbed. "I'd have died if you hadn't come."

Exactly six seconds later Bobby Fyscher burst in to find Carew and his wife staring at each other in utter silence. At the feet of the man lay a crumpled scarlet domino, but Bobby noticed nothing. Under his arm was just such another brilliant-hued disguise as lay on the floor, and he chattered of them joyously. "I say, they've hundreds of these downstairs—I found 'em," he assured Veronica. "I hope you're grateful, Ronnie. . . ."

Veronica laughed. It was a high-pitched sound that struck even Bobby as unusual. But it was Carew who spoke, his voice sounding very even and expressionless. "I am indeed," he said.

THE END.

GENERAL NOTES.

THE new edition of Burke's Peerage is the eightieth in 95 years, and its reappearance, after an interval of four years will be welcomed by all who require an absolutely reliable and detailed account of the titled and decorated classes. The new edition is specially interesting, as so many changes have taken place in the Peerage since it last appeared. Eighty-one new peerages, 160 new baronetcies, and some 1800 new knightages are recorded; while over 30,000 names have been added to the list of the various orders of knighthood. The Order of the British Empire accounts for 24,000 of these, and its numbers are so great that the Editor of "Burke" is publishing a special handbook to deal with this Order. The revival of the Royal Dukedom of York, which title was conferred on Prince Albert last year, is interesting from an historical point of view, as this makes its eighth revival since its original creation in 1386.

The 1921 "Who's Who" (A. and C. Black, Ltd., 42s. net) has just made its appearance, so anyone who is in search of information about any of the 30,000 distinguished men and women whose biographies it gives can now turn to this reliable book of reference, secure in the knowledge that the latest facts are all correctly recorded in its pages. This is the seventy-third year of issue for "Who's Who," and it has all the qualities of a well-trying friend. It can be relied on implicitly; it is well printed, and contains valuable information about practically every distinguished man or woman of the day.

The "Player-Piano" is one of the modern inventions which have won through a barrier of prejudice by sheer merit. When it was first produced, the trained musician regarded it with hostility, but he has now been convinced of its merits, and realises that, from the educational point of view, the "Player-Piano" is a serious factor in music. As for the numberless people with musical souls and no executive ability, the "Player-Piano" has proved a source of pure delight to them. Although this wonderful invention is mechanical, it is not entirely so, for it provides scope for the expression of individual temperament by the manipulation of a simple mechanism, which is easily mastered. The importance of the "Player-Piano's" place in the musical world is well illustrated by the fact that all the celebrated pianoforte manufacturers, such as Blüthner's, who have hitherto catered exclusively for the highest type of trained musician, are now introducing the "Player" apparatus into their instruments.

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HERBERT SPENCER in his book "Education" established the fact that food partaken with a relish is of infinitely greater value to the rejuvenation of the system than food partaken without relish. Therein lies one of the secrets of the health-promoting qualities of Italy's Best Vermouth Corelli.

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Of Chemists and Stores everywhere, 3/6. Send for a free sample to S. Kutnow & Co., Ltd., 41, Farringdon Road, London, E.C. 2.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Horseshoe Hall. The Prince of Wales has had to add a horseshoe to the historic collection at Oakham, as he has been staying there with the Earl of Lonsdale at Barleythorpe. I was in that Horseshoe Hall in the old-world town of Oakham, and, if there is virtue in horseshoes, there are enough there to secure it good luck for ever. Each Peer who passes the town boundary is taxed a horseshoe; and they date back to Queen Elizabeth, who, if not a Peer, was also not Peerless. King Edward contributed, and the Duke of Connaught. I remember being greatly impressed with the celebrated names of those who had paid the horseshoe tax. Oakham is a great hunting centre, and the hunting quarters round it were early snapped up for this, so far, remarkably successful season.

Dainty and Delicate and Very Special.

From horseshoes to dancers' shoes is a long cry, and the dear little dainty ballet shoes that I have been seeing are quite the longest off the iron shoes of the dear gee-gees. Looking at the ballet shoes made by Arthur Franks, of 14, Green Street, Leicester Square, is like looking at footnotes to the history of the greatest of modern dancing. Shoes for Pavlova, shoes for Tamara Karsavina, shoes for Jenny Hasselquist, and for M. Jean Borlin and M. Laurent Novikoff, and the Russian and Swedish corps de ballet. Mr. Franks may be proud of having built up the finest ballet-shoe industry in this country, and of having ousted Paris and Milan from the fast hold which they had on this exclusive trade. It is worth a visit to his establishment to see the letters and photographs which express to him the high appreciation of his skill from the greatest dancers in the world.

Three Things at Once.

Not everyone can sing delightfully, play the violin obligato to their own song, and look very handsome the while. It was all accomplished by Lady Churston last week, when she gave two songs and an encore at a concert for the Children's Home of Rest at Roehampton. Lady Cory proved that finest embroidery and war work have not lost her hands their cunning on the piano, for she played Rubinstein as Rubinstein would like to be played. Carmen Hill sang like the artist she is, Elsie Janis charmed us, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke made the most delightful little speech about the home. It was effective because it was natural. The Countess of Ravensworth lent her house, and the Children's Home should profit, as it will, being affiliated to that wonderful organisation, the Friends of the Poor.

French Fairyland.

If women want just ordinary pretty frocks, coats, jumpers, hats, and lingerie, I should be misleading them in recommending a visit to Larue, Ltd., 10A, Hanover Square. It is the place to go for the exclusive, the most beautiful, and the most *chic*. For the Riviera, as for winter sports, there are coats of suède. One I saw was rose-pink, with grey fur collar and cuffs; another was of sealing-wax-red leather with black facings and black buttons—very smart and becoming. There was a jumper coat, too, of tomato-red suède—just the thing for cold days in the South of France and Italy. Very smart and quite unusual were suits woven in wool, special in colour, special in style, and the acme of comfort. Taupe stockings are another speciality for which Larues are famous, and very beautiful they are. As to the lingerie, so exquisite is it that I think Larue has some workshops in a French fairyland!

The Progression of Duchesses.

Further afield than the Riviera is the destination of several of our young married people of distinction. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield, Viscount and Viscountess Maidstone are all off to the Sudan—the latter couple were delayed, and may not have started yet; and Lord and Lady Howard de Walden are in British East Africa. What would Queen Victoria have thought of a Mistress of the Robes who could bring down five stags with six shots, who went big-game shooting with her husband, and brought home a tame leopard? Would John Brown have ventured to call such a Duchess "Woman," and would such a Duchess have complained to the Queen and been quietly asked if she were not a woman? I imagine the modern Mistress of the Robes is more charming and interesting than the Victorian one, and more sensible and a better comrade as well.

The Best of Both.

I am told that no one resents certain paragraphs which have recently appeared, suggesting that the Queen desires that dress for Courts should be simpler than it was last season, more than the wives of Labour Members and recipients of recent Honours. The paragraphists have about as much knowledge of her Majesty's wishes on the subject as they have of the whereabouts of the Ark of the Covenant. Naturally, all loyal ladies make quite an occasion of going to a Court; and will anyone tell me what on earth is the use of an occasion to a woman if she doesn't dress up to it? Furthermore, the vanity of man—quite as great as that of woman, but of a different species—is tickled by going to Court with his wife, and his pockets are more available than usual for her turn-out; so for our sex a summons to Court is not only an occasion, but an opportunity, and ladies will make the best of both, trust them.



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SPARKLING
MUSCATEL
STILL UNSURPASSED

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Muratti "Ariston" Cigarettes are manufactured by hand from the choicest Dubec Tobacco. Their exquisite flavour and fascinating aroma appeal to the most fastidious.

To suit all moods and to please every taste there is a Muratti Cigarette. In addition to a full range of "Ariston"—oval and round, plain and gold-tipped—there are the following Muratti Turkish and Virginia Cigarettes. Each brand is manufactured to the unvarying high standard inseparable from Muratti Cigarettes.

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- "ROSE TIPPED."—Oval, or round—a small "cigarette de luxe" for Ladies.
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- "20th CENTURY."—An elegant hand-made cigarette of choicest mellowed leaf. Medium size; round.
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- "MARSHAL."—A big cigarette of superior quality. Medium strength.
- "CLASSIC."—A round medium-sized cigarette, pure Virginia. Mild and cool.

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- "ARISTON DE LUXE"—A large oval cigarette for formal use. Plain 20 for 3/-; Gold-tipped 20 for 3/9.
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- "ARISTON NO. 10"—Large, oval, supplies the hourly need. 25 for 2/9.
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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

HERE AND THERE.

THE disadvantage of the chaotic state of European exchange was never better exemplified than during the last week or ten days. How is it possible to do business with the Continent when the values of the various currencies fluctuate 20 per cent. in ten days, as the franc has done? Goods bought in francs at a calculated price of £1000 will cost an English buyer £1200 by the time they get here, and a paper profit of 10 per cent. is immediately converted into an actual loss of the same amount.

The Canadian Pacific Algoma Branch 5 per cent. First Mortgage bonds seem to hold considerable attraction at their current price, although they have the disadvantage of a not very free market, and consequently rather a wide quotation. They are redeemable in the middle of 1927 at par, so that there is a premium of some £18 on the present buying quotation of 82. This is in addition to a flat yield of £6 2s. 6d. per cent., and the security may be considered first-class.

We are not surprised to learn that the Belgian 30,000,000-dollar gold loan in the United States was a success. If it were not for the German marks with which the country is saddled, we have little doubt that its exchange would be much more favourable. The people have settled down again to work and production, and are not burdened with war debt to anything like the same extent as the bulk of Europe. The astute Yankee has, we think, driven a very hard bargain over the terms: 8 per cent. at par, with redemption at 107½, commencing in 1926, can hardly be called anything except "strict business."

Another attractive investment is the 4 per cent. Irredeemable Debentures of the Omnium Investment Company—if there are any available!

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I'm going in for a Spartan course," remarked The Jobber. "That's why I left my overcoat at home this morning."

"So we noticed," said The Merchant. "There's no need to call our special attention to it. I like herring-bone pattern myself."

"Excuse me," The Broker apologised, and bending forward to his House friend, "but do you happen to want to deal in Mallaby-Deeley Pref.?"

The City Editor turned to The Merchant and asked—

"Is there any market in Horne Brothers Debentures or Curzon Seconds?"

"I've never heard of either," was the reply. "But with John Barker Ordinary or Burberry Preference we can fit you admirably."

The Jobber looked from one to the other with a bewilderment that changed into fifty per cent. of anger and fifty per cent. amusement.

"It's like this," he explained as soon as they gave him a chance to speak. "I thought it was about time that some of us gave up our pre-war suits in favour of something more modern—"

They cried him down, and the talk turned into less sartorial channels.

"Until the autumn, anyway, we shall have purely investment markets," The Broker laid down.

"With no speculation at all?"

"Sure to get a certain amount. The House would not be itself unless we had a spice of excitement."

"We require more than a spice if we're to make a living."

"I reckon to pay nearly my whole expenses for the year in the month of January," said The Broker. "Anything after that ought to be profit."

"You exaggerate of set purpose, Brokie?"

"I'll throw in February, being a short month, so as to keep on the right side of accuracy," The Broker amended.

"Think you'll do it this year?" inquired The City Editor.

"I don't think about it. I know I sha'n't," was the reply. "Perhaps the public don't quite realise what a thin time the Stock Exchange man is having."

"If the public did realise it, I doubt if they'd be profoundly moved," scoffed The City Editor. "Have you ever stopped to listen to a street-corner Bolshie or Communist meeting?"

The soft impeachment was denied by the lot of them.

"It's really rather funny. After making rude remarks about the policemen standing near by to protect the speakers, these same speakers go on to attack the Stock Exchange right and left."

"What for?" inquired The Merchant.

"Why, for gambling in foodstuffs and grain, and freights, and—"

"But we don't. That's the Baltic and Lloyds."

"What does it matter? To your average Bolshie-Communist-Social Revolutionist all such places are equally wicked, and—"

"How do they invest their own money, Brokie?"

"Not having the honour to be broker to any Bolsheviks (so far as I know), I can't say what they buy with their—er—savings."

"Possibly they haven't got any savings," suggested The Jobber.

"Because if they had, they might not be Bolshies."

[Continued overleaf.]



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Authorised Capital	-	-	-	-	£45,200,000
Subscribed Capital	-	-	-	-	38,116,050

LIABILITIES:

Paid-up Capital	-	-	-	£	10,859,800
Reserve Fund	-	-	-	-	10,859,800
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	-	-	-	-	371,841,968
Acceptances and Engagements	-	-	-	-	27,849,904

ASSETS:

Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England	-	-	-	62,493,818
Cheques in Course of Collection	-	-	-	7,702,350
Money at Call and Short Notice	-	-	-	18,492,013
Investments	-	-	-	51,766,315
Bills Discounted	-	-	-	57,671,879
Advances	-	-	-	189,719,805

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(Continued.)

"I've heard that it pays all right," said The Engineer seriously. "And I feel quite sure in my own mind that not all the money subscribed for the unemployed goes to the people that the givers think it will."

"In one way, the unemployment problem may not be an unmixed evil," remarked The Merchant. "It may force Labour to recognise that Capital has a place in the sun as well as itself—"

"If wages fall—"

"Take motor-cars. You can see for yourself in *The Sketch* that prices are pretty reasonable now."

"Cheap, I call them," groaned The Engineer.

"Well, cheap, then. Now, rubber is cheap, too; and petrol is coming down. Don't you reckon that, taking these things altogether, we are coming to the point at which people will be willing to buy cars again?"

"Meaning that for cars, and rubber, and petrol we shall see a better demand arising?"

"That's it. With increased employment of men, and a livelier market for rubber, and an expansion of the consumption of petrol."

"Have you been reading a special article in some Sunday paper?" asked The City Editor.

"I'm quoting from no newspaper. You can judge for yourself whether I'm talking sense or not—"

"And that will prove whether he's quoting a Sunday paper," added The Jobber, with a very significant wink at The City Editor.

After the conclusion of peace, The Merchant asked whether Underground Electric Railways Income Bonds were worth averaging.

The Broker replied that, in his opinion, it was one of the few stocks safe to buy for a rise in the Home Railway Market.

The Engineer said that this coincided with his own opinion. The City Editor assented, and The Jobber's comment on such unanimity of view is not worth repeating.

"But really I think the Foreign Market contains some of the principal attractions," pursued The Broker. "You have indeed got plenty of scope for speculative possibilities here."

"Russians?"

"Even Russians. For the very long shot. I was thinking mostly of Brazilian, Chilean, and Chinese Bonds."

"They've all got their post-war troubles," The City Editor pointed out.

"Who hasn't?" The Broker demanded. "But such countries are certain to get over their difficulties in time, and there will be big rises in the stocks."

"How about Canadian Pacifics, to change the subject? I've got a

few left," said The Engineer. "The price has gone down lately with the rise in American exchange."

"They tell me in the market," quoth The Broker, "that one of these days the Canadian Pacific will split off its land and its shipping into two different companies, and distribute the shares as a bonus amongst the present C.P.R. stockholders."

"That's a very old rumour; I heard it before the war," The Engineer recalled. "Has it come to life again? With the financial outlook so dark—"

The train ran through a tunnel with all the lights out, which made it darker still, and cut off conversation as inexorably as a telephone operator. Friday, Jan. 28, 1921.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Wednesday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired, the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for ten shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OILS.—The shares are quoted at 7 to 7 1/8, and we look upon them as a sound holding.

J. R. (Edinburgh).—(1) We do not like them, but this is hardly the moment to sell; (2) 17 1/2 per cent. free of tax is equal to 25 per cent. less tax.

M. J. C. H.—The first part of the reply to "J. R." applies also to your shares. If markets go better, and you can see anything like your money back, we advise you to get out of them.

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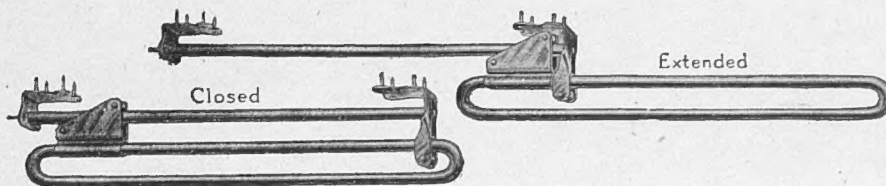
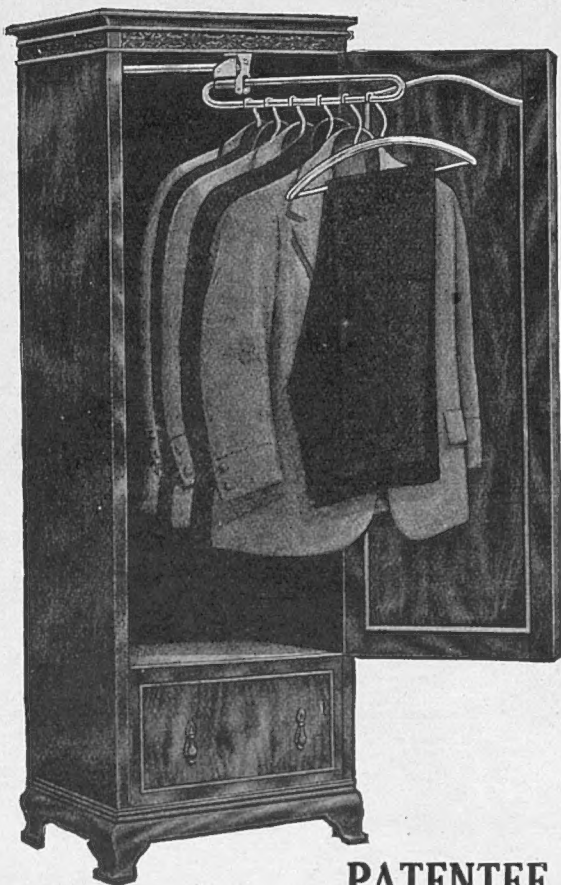
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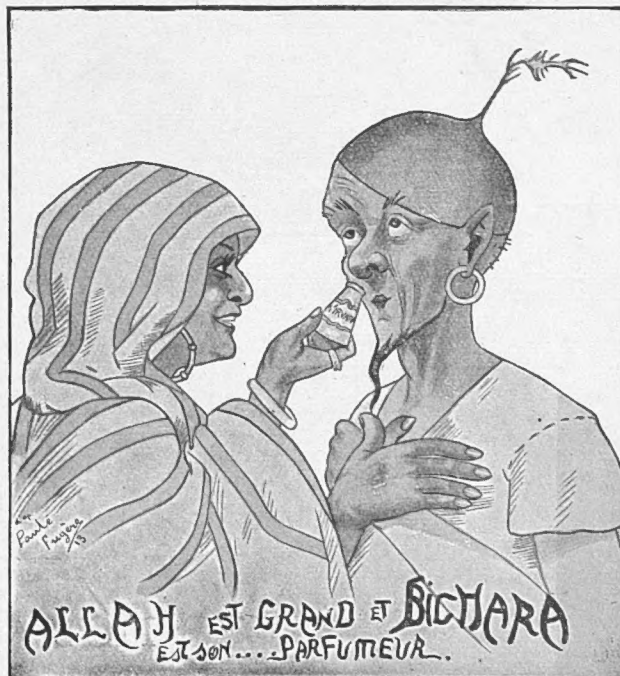
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